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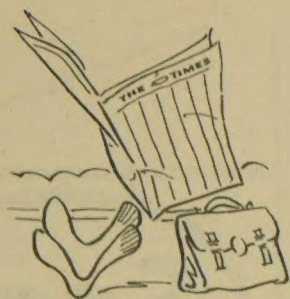


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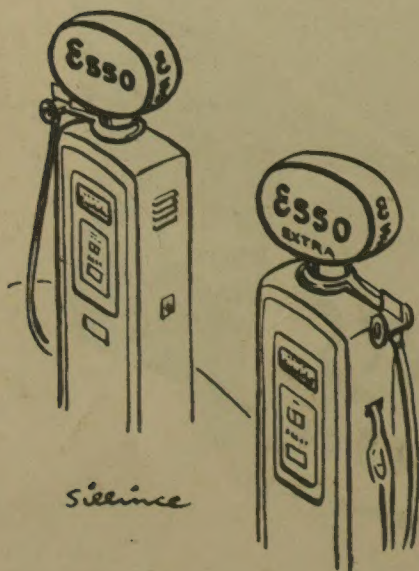


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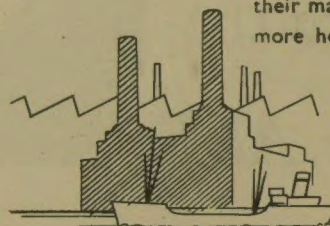


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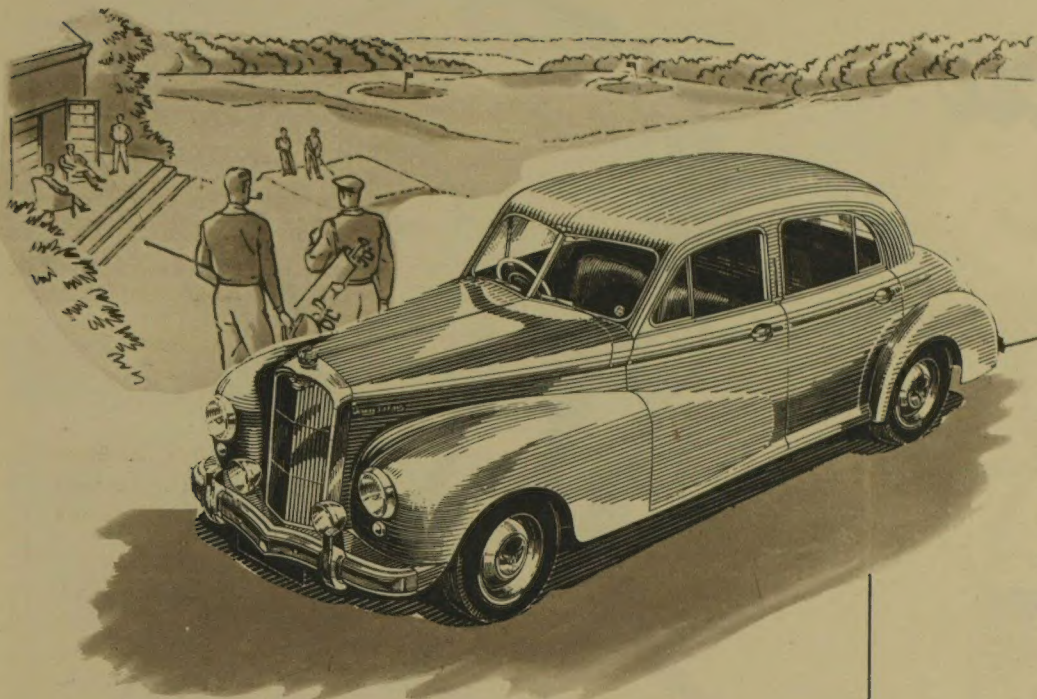
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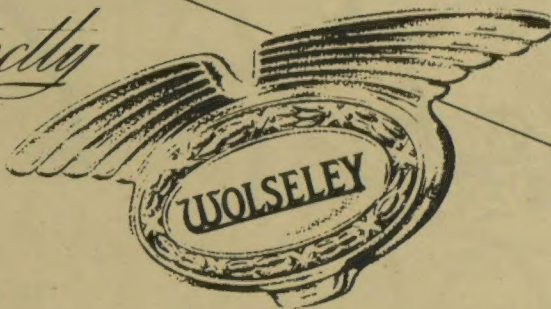
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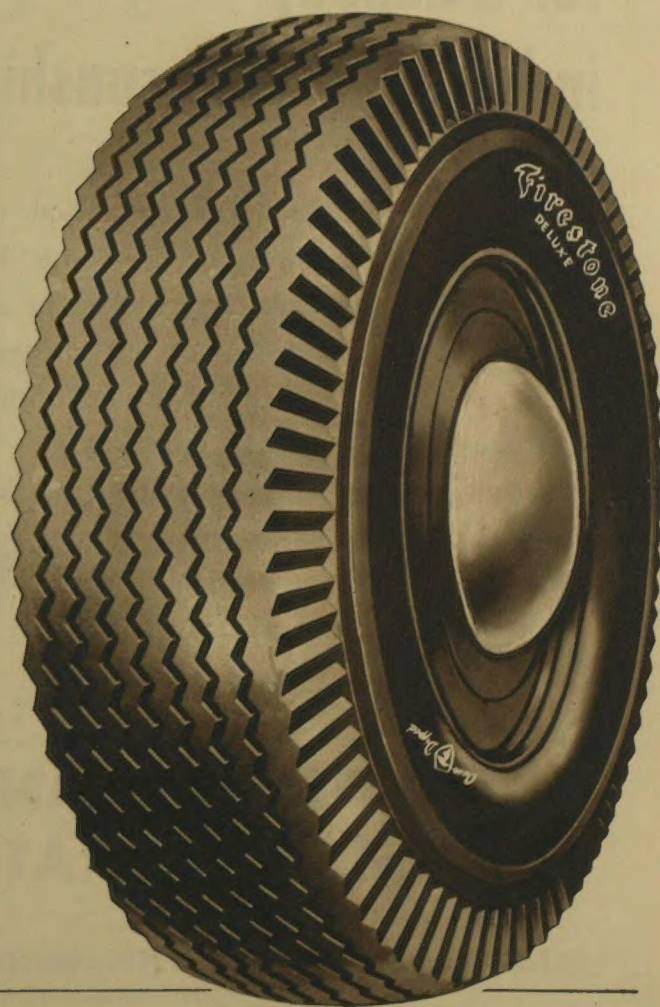
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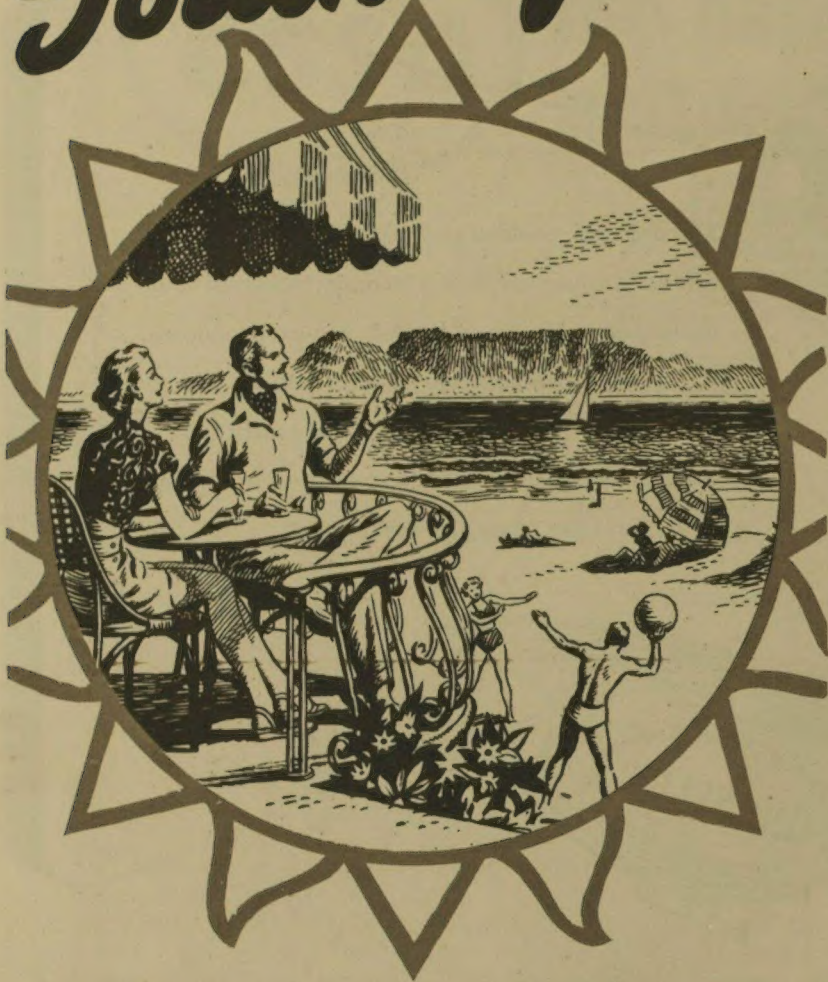
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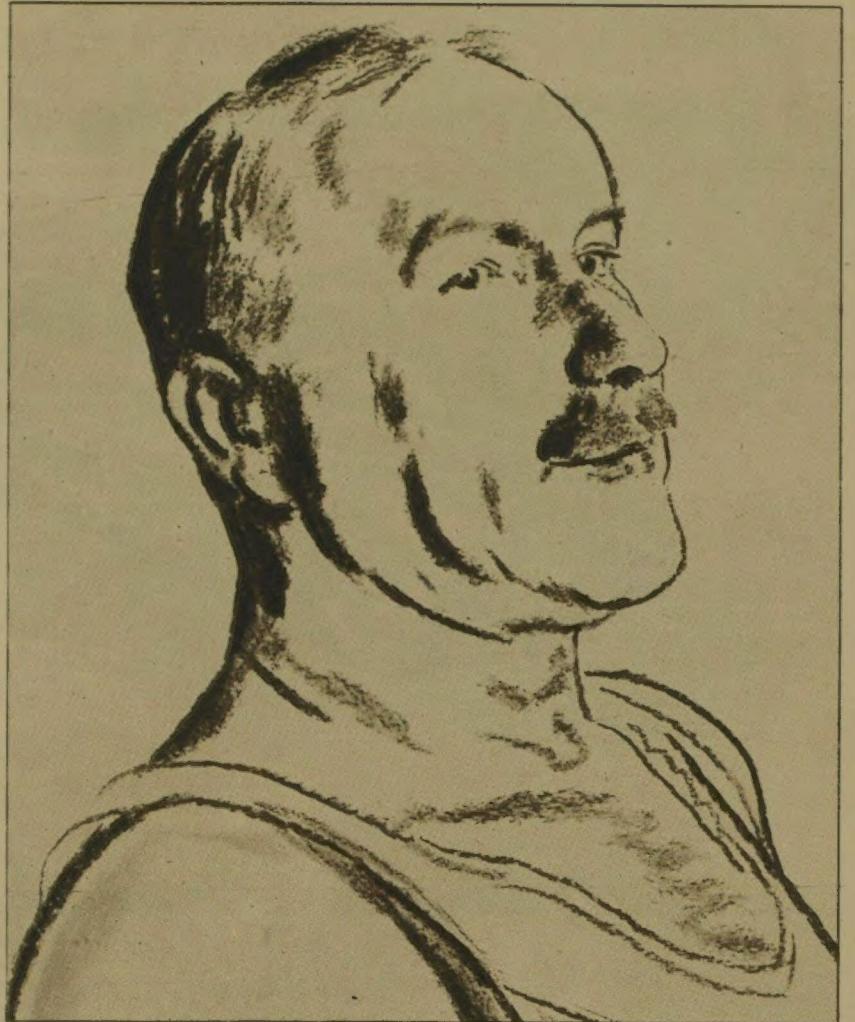
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Drawn by A. R. THOMSON, R.A.

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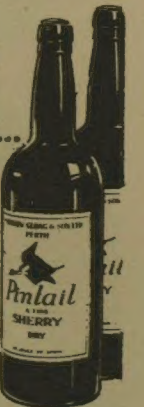


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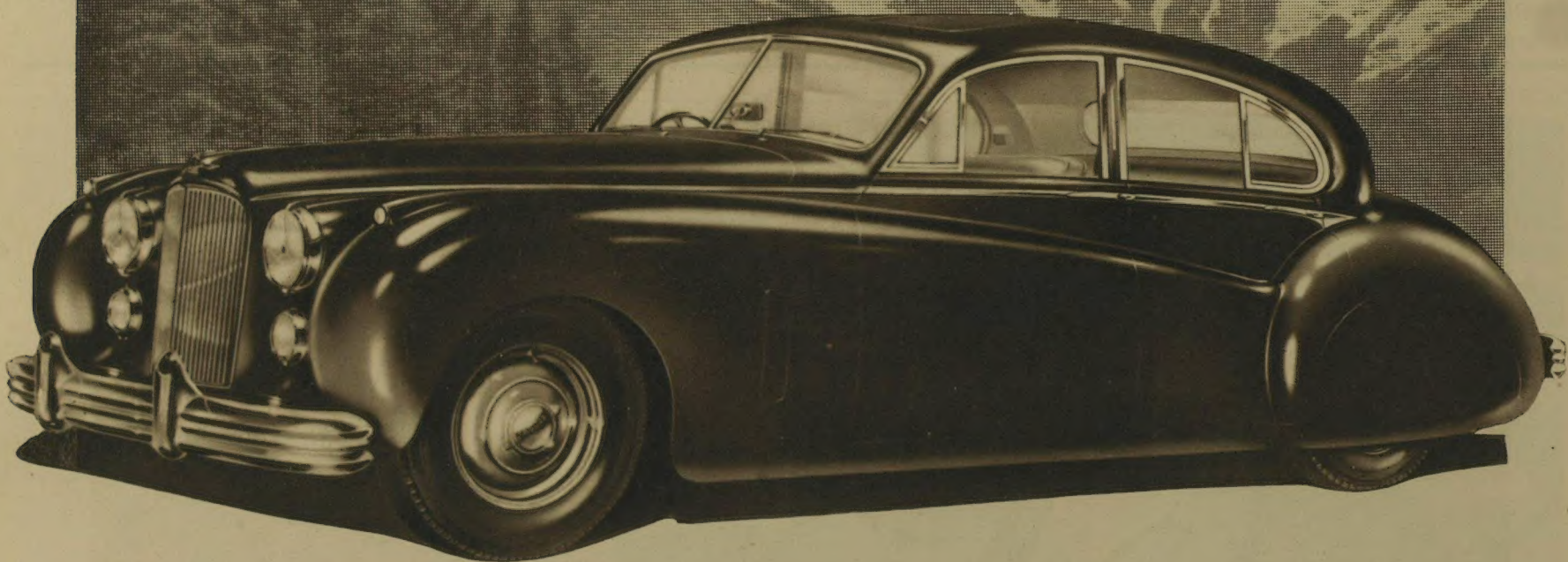
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1952.



THE CENTRE AND ARCHITECT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS: DR. MALAN, THE SOUTH AFRICAN PRIME MINISTER, NOW IN CONFLICT WITH THE SOUTH AFRICAN SUPREME COURT ON THE QUESTION OF THE REPRESENTATION OF THE CAPE COLOURED VOTERS.

A major constitutional crisis has been precipitated in South Africa. Dr. Malan's Separate Representation of Voters Act (under which Coloured voters—i.e., not Africans, but persons of mixed origin, with some European blood—are placed on a separate roll to vote for special representatives) was declared void by a judgment of the Supreme Court of South Africa delivered on March 20. The judgment, briefly, was based on the fact that this Act conflicted with the "entrenched clauses" of the South Africa Act (1909), being passed by only a bare majority in the separate Houses,

whereas such "entrenched clauses" require for alteration a two-thirds majority of a combined session of both Houses. Furthermore, the Court ruled that the Statute of Westminster did not affect the "entrenched clauses." On March 21 Dr. Malan declared that he intended to introduce legislation to declare that the Courts have no power to test the validity of Acts of Parliament and that this legislation would be retrospective to 1931. Such legislation, if passed by a bare majority, would similarly be liable to invalidation by the Supreme Court on the same grounds.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN the halcyon days of Queen Victoria, and even—before 1906—those of King Edward VII., a man could live very peacefully and, if he had the money, exceedingly well, without even noticing the Budget. If he was politically-minded he might read about it in the newspapers, but it was scarcely likely to cause him a sleepless night. The worst that could happen would be a rise in the income tax from, say, 3d. to 4d. in the pound, or an extra ½d. on the price of beer. And even this would probably be taken off next year. Government and public alike believed in keeping as much buying and saving power as possible in the citizen's own pocket, and in keeping State expenditure down to the lowest level compatible with national defence and internal order. In other words, they still believed in the validity of personal freedom. To suppose that personal liberty can exist without effective freedom of choice in purchasing-power is almost as great a sham as the Communist one of attributing it to peoples subject to arbitrary arrest, torture, deportation and execution! It was, indeed, the fact that so many working-class Britons were without that freedom of economic choice in the nineteenth century that has caused British Socialists to react so strongly, and, as I believe, so dangerously, against the very ideal of fiscal freedom.

For the last four decades—ever since the first German War—even the politicians who believed in such freedom have scarcely been able to put their beliefs in practise. Since 1914 no rich or successful man has enjoyed more than half his income; since 1940 in some cases he has not even enjoyed a twentieth part of it. Allowing for variations in wonted social habits and in responsibilities, there can be very few men to-day, outside the small, exotic and socially useless world of spivs and gambling emperors, whose untaxed incomes admit of any but the narrowest margins of variation. The annual Budget has therefore become a matter of the utmost personal concern to millions, and even to the very rich. As they gather round the wireless on the April—or, this year, March—evening on which the dread or glad tidings of coming imposts or reliefs is announced, all sound is hushed save the beating of anxious hearts! For on the announcements of the next few minutes the fondest hopes may founder.

A budget, however, is something more than an economic strait-jacket for the individual man or woman, intensely important though that aspect of it is. It is a course-chart for the ship-of-state's voyage during the coming year. And just as it may affect the individual's life for many years to come, so it may affect that of the State. In this sense, though their immediate effect on individual incomes was comparatively small, the Budgets of Gladstone and Disraeli aroused intense interest. This is because they were informed by the rival political philosophies of two highly original and profound minds. They were not stereotyped and confined to a rigid and inescapable pattern like the Budgets which we have endured during the past dozen years. Within their modest scope they were creative works of art. So were those of William Pitt long before them. So, had he lived, I always think, would have been those of Canning. Even in the brief period in which he affected national policy he began to break a vicious circle of fiscal restraint. He released commerce from the dead-hand of an antiquated and restrictive fiscal policy. The tragedy is that he did not live long enough to release the industrial worker of the new towns from it too. That attempt was left to his spiritual heir, Disraeli—for Peel, a great administrator and debater, was not a man of creative imagination. And when the opportunity at long last came to Disraeli it was far too late. The social evils from whose after-consequences we are still suffering had taken too deep a root and spread too far.

Mr. Butler's Budget has reintroduced, I feel, into our national life this rare quality of imaginative thinking. It was framed, of necessity, within very narrow limits: those imposed by the worst economic crisis of our time and by the drab fact that a generation of wartime and Socialist Chancellors of the Exchequer had maintained public expenditure at so high a level that

there appeared to be no room left for economic initiative and freedom of manoeuvre. Mr. Butler has, indeed, achieved something of a *tour de force* by regaining these. His Budget, however, regarded economically, was a political masterpiece. It has united his own party—somewhat divided after the shocks and disappointments of the winter—strengthened, I believe, its following in the country, and both angered and embarrassed his opponents.

These, however, are ephemeral considerations and not, necessarily, of advantage in the long run to the country. Political triumphs are *always* two-edged. What is of enduring significance about Mr. Butler's Budget is that it gives to the greatest possible number the maximum incentive possible to work harder. This, in the circumstances in which the nation is to-day placed, is a principle of State every whit as important as the famous one the

Utilitarians made current a century and more ago. The greatest happiness of the greatest number, indeed, now wholly depends on it; even the Socialist leaders, so long conditioned to thinking that the sole political goal was to redistribute the national cake, not to increase or preserve it, have recently come to admit this. Yet though they have admitted it, they have so far proved incapable of giving it practical recognition. Their unflinching fiscal formula on all occasions was to take from the rich and give to the Social Services. Faced by the depressing realisation—one still not apparent to their followers, but painfully clear to the Treasury—that there was nothing left worth taking from the rich, they relapsed into a passive attitude, sometimes despairing, but more ordinarily complacent, of *non possumus*. It was this that led to the present economic crisis—as well as to several earlier ones—and to their defeat at the last election.

It remains, of course, to be seen whether the increased inducements to hard work which Mr. Butler has offered are sufficient to give the nation the larger earned income it so desperately needs to maintain its standards of living, and to overcome the strongly ingrained habit of inertia created by a decade of penalising enterprise and removing incentive. There is also a grave latent danger both to the Budget and the whole national economy: one that could easily be rendered acute by the raising of the Bank Rate and the restrictive measures recently taken in this and other countries to preserve the balance of trade. A return under existing circumstances to the deflationary situation which prevailed in the 'twenties and 'thirties could be fatal both to the Conservative Government and to the nation. It might even precipitate revolution. If we cannot afford to have millions of men half-idle on the industrial pay-roll for lack of incentive, we cannot afford to have millions standing wholly idle on the dole for lack of cash or credit to employ them. It was the fact that we had allowed this to happen between the Wars that proved the millstone round the Conservative Party's neck

in 1945, all Mr. Churchill's claims on the nation's gratitude notwithstanding. The Socialists, with their policy of plentiful credit, not unnaturally guarded against this fatal constriction in the years that followed the war, but then, boasting that they had cured unemployment, proceeded to defeat, by restrictions on economic initiative and disincentives to the workers of all classes, the sole object of an expansionist monetary policy—an increase in real wealth. By preventing the latter they artificially prolonged the inflationary shortages and high prices of the war, and transferred the dole-queue from the street to the inside of the factory. Mr. Butler has been given the opportunity to succeed where they have failed. Despite allies who have learnt nothing and opponents out to make cheap party capital out of the nation's necessities, he looks as though he may succeed. For in his reply to the Budget debate he has made it clear that he is as aware of the latent deflationary threats to our economy as of the more obvious inflationary ones. He is like a man riding a bicycle across a very perilous and narrow plank. If he fails to keep his balance England may fall with him. But no one who loves his country can do other than wish him well and applaud the courage, skill and coolness with which he has set out.

THE DEATH OF A GREAT COMMONWEALTH STATESMAN.



A WISE STATESMAN LOOKED UPON BY HIS COUNTRYMEN AS "THE FATHER OF THE NATION": THE LATE MR. D. S. SENANAYAKE, PRIME MINISTER OF THE DOMINION OF CEYLON, WHO DIED ON MARCH 22 FROM INJURIES RECEIVED WHEN HE WAS THROWN FROM HIS HORSE ON THE PREVIOUS DAY.

Both Ceylon and the Commonwealth have suffered a grievous loss in the death of Mr. D. S. Senanayake, Prime Minister of Ceylon since that country became a Dominion in 1947. Mr. Senanayake, who was sixty-eight, was thrown from his horse early on March 21, and taken unconscious to hospital. The news of his death was received on March 22, a few minutes before Sir Hugh Cairns, the brain specialist, was due to board an R.A.F. *Hastings* aircraft at Abingdon Aerodrome to fly to his bedside. The flight was cancelled. Educated at a Church of England College in Ceylon, Mr. Senanayake remained a devout Buddhist. As Minister of Agriculture for fifteen years under the Donoughmore Constitution, which granted a modified form of self-government, he transformed the agricultural system of the country. In 1942 he was appointed Leader of the State Council, and subsequently organised Ceylon's war effort. In 1950 he became the first Ceylonese to be appointed a member of the Privy Council. He came to London in January last year for the meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers. Dr. Senanayake's sagacity, foresight, judgment and tolerance were unexcelled, and under his leadership Ceylon has been the most untroubled country in Asia.

IMPLACABLE NATURE AND INTRANSIGENT MAN: TORNADO HAVOC, AN AIR CRASH, AND RIOTS.



THE WORST U.S.A. TORNADO HAVOC SINCE 1932: A NEAR VIEW OF THE DESTRUCTION IN JUDSONIA, ARKANSAS, SHOWING HOUSES REDUCED TO MATCHWOOD. On March 22 the six Mississippi Valley States were devastated by the worst tornadoes since 1932, when 268 people died in Alabama. The ordeal continued for nine hours, flood and fire following the storm. It is believed that 232 were killed and 1100 injured; and in Arkansas 3000 were rendered homeless. By orders of President Truman, Federal Government Agencies gave all possible aid, and the Red Cross has allotted generous funds.



FLATTENED OUT BY THE DEVASTATING "TWISTERS" WHICH SWEEPED THE SIX SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI VALLEY STATES ON MARCH 22: AN AIR VIEW OF THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF JUDSONIA, ARKANSAS, THE STATE WHICH SUFFERED MOST SEVERELY.



RIOTING IN TRIESTE: POLICE USING THEIR BÂTONS AGAINST INSURGENTS BRANDISHING ANTI-BRITISH PLACARDS DURING THE DISTURBANCES, WHICH BEGAN ON THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PLEDGE OF A RETURN TO ITALY.



FIRE HOSES TURNED ON THE CROWDS IN TRIESTE: THE SCENE IN A PUBLIC SQUARE WHEN JETS OF WATER WERE USED TO BREAK UP DEMONSTRATIONS DEMANDING A RETURN TO ITALY. On March 20, fourth anniversary of the pledge by Great Britain, the U.S.A. and France that all of the Free Territory, including the Yugoslav-occupied zone, should be returned to Italy, rioting broke out in Trieste, and serious disturbances continued for four days. Great damage has been done to property, and casualties are reported to number 200. A general strike was organised, and at one time a pitched battle took place in the streets. Police were stoned, a British flag burned and there was general disorder. On Sunday, March 23, the city was reported to be calm.



THE RESULTS OF EARTH TREMORS ON MARCH 19 IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF MOUNT ETNA: DÉBRIS BLOCKING THE MAIN STREET OF A VILLAGE, AND A WRECKED HOUSE. Earth tremors occurred on March 19 in the vicinity of Mount Etna, Sicily, the highest volcano in Europe, and villages on the eastern slopes of the mountain suffered considerable damage. The tremors continued for four minutes, at least two persons were killed and some sixty injured by falling masonry, while 1500 were rendered homeless. Tents, supplies and other forms of assistance for the victims were dispatched immediately by the military and civil authorities.



AN AIR DISASTER WITH A DEATH-ROLL OF FORTY-FOUR: THE WRECKAGE OF THE K.L.M. DOUGLAS GLOBEMASTER, "QUEEN JULIANA," WHICH CRASHED IN A FOREST NEAR FRANKFURT. A K.L.M. Douglas Globemaster, "Queen Juliana," crashed on March 23 near Frankfurt Airport and burst into flames. She was on the Johannesburg-Rome-Amsterdam route, and carried thirty-seven passengers and a crew of ten. Two German lorry drivers near by courageously pulled six persons from the burning wreckage. Two were already dead, another died in hospital and a third was at the time of writing on the danger list; but two women survivors were expected to recover. Six of the victims were reported to be British.

LONDON, MALAYA, KARACHI AND KENYA: ITEMS POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND SPORTING.



AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF THE NEW MACE: SIR GERALD TEMPLER, THE HIGH COMMISSIONER, PRESIDING AT THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF MALAYA.



DETAIL OF THE HEAD OF THE NEW GOLD AND SILVER MACE PRESENTED TO THE FEDERAL LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF MALAYA BY THE MALAY RULERS.

At a meeting of the Malayan Federal Legislative Council on March 19, a gold and silver mace was presented by representatives of the Malay rulers. The 5-ft. hardwood shaft is covered with silver adorned with gold panels by Malay craftsmen in Kelantan. On the head is an 11-pointed star, symbolising the eleven Federated Governments; and on the side of the head appear the arms of the Federation, surrounded by the heraldic devices of the eleven Governments.



HONEYMOONING AT THE QUEEN'S INVITATION AT SAGANA ROYAL LODGE: FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT D. L. HUGHES AND HIS BRIDE. Two members of the Kenya Governor's staff were invited by the Queen to spend their honeymoon at Sagana Royal Lodge, the Queen's Kenya home and the place where she received the news of King George's death. They were Flight-Lieutenant D. L. Hughes and Miss Norma Felicity Phillips, the daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Phillips, who were married at Nairobi on March 15.



A UNIQUE OCCASION IN THE HISTORY OF ASIAN PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT: THE BEGUM SHAH NAWAZ PRESIDING AS TEMPORARY SPEAKER OVER THE PAKISTAN PARLIAMENT IN KARACHI.

When the Begum Shah Nawaz presided over the Pakistan Parliament at Karachi on March 18, it is believed that she was the first woman in the history of Asia ever to preside over her country's parliament.



WINNER OF THE ENGLISH MEN'S SINGLES BADMINTON CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE THIRD YEAR RUNNING: WONG PENG SOON (MALAYA) RECEIVING THE CUP FROM BRIGADIER BRUCE HAY. On March 22, at Earls Court, Wong Peng Soon, of Malaya, beat his compatriot, E. B. Choong, in a close final of the men's singles, and so won the championship for the third year running.



THE TIDEWAY HEAD OF THE RIVER RACE: SOME OF THE CROWDS ON THE TOWPATH AT PUTNEY. JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, WON FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION.

Field Marshal Lord Montgomery acted as starter for the Tideway Head of the River Race on March 22, when 221 crews competed over the Mortlake to Putney downstream course of 4½ miles. The winners were Jesus College, Cambridge (for the second year in succession), with London I., 2nd; Thames I., 3rd, and London II. (a crew of scullers), 4th. Jesus College's time was 19 mins. 23 secs.



THE FIRST OF HIS CLASS TO ENTER BRIGHTON ON THE VETERAN MOTOR-CYCLE RUN: MR. L. V. FENTON ON HIS 1909 TWO-STROKE WOOLER SOLO.

There was a record entry of 223 for the sixteenth annual pioneer run of veteran motor-cycles organised by the Sunbeam Motor Club, from Tattenham Corner to Brighton on March 23. Mr. Fenton was followed by Mr. A. T. Anderson on a 1913 Rudge; and the two oldest machines were an 1899 Rudge and a Werner of the same year.

THE 102ND UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE: THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CREWS.



E. J. COGHILL (Bow).
Gordonstoun and Pembroke.



G. A. H. CADBURY (No. 2).
Eton and King's.



THE CAMBRIDGE STROKE, SURROUNDED WITH THE
PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIS CREW: J. S. M. JONES
(SHREWSBURY AND LADY MARGARET).

RESULTS SINCE WORLD WAR II.
1946 Oxford won by 3 lengths.
1947 Cambridge won by 10 lengths.
1948 Cambridge won by 5 lengths.
1949 Cambridge won by 1/2 length.
1949 Cambridge won by 3 1/2 lengths.
1950 Cambridge won by 12 lengths after re-row.



J. R. DINGLE (No. 5).
Christ's Hospital and
Lady Margaret.



*R. F. A. SHARPLEY (No. 6).
Shrewsbury and Lady Margaret.



*J. G. P. CROWDEN (No. 3).
Bedford and Pembroke.



G. T. MARSHALL (No. 4).
Bryanston and King's.



N. B. M. CLACK (No. 7).
Wycliffe and Lady Margaret.



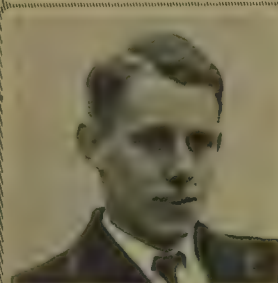
*J. F. K. HINDE (Cox).
Malvern and Pembroke.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW IN ACTION DURING A TRIAL.



THE OXFORD CREW IN ACTION DURING A TRIAL.



N. W. SANDERS (Bow).
Radley and Merton.



P. GLADSTONE (No. 2).
Eton and Christ Church.



THE OXFORD STROKE, SURROUNDED WITH THE
PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIS CREW: *C. G. V. DAVIDGE
(ETON AND TRINITY).

ABOVE we show the crews who, at the date of writing, have been chosen to row in the Boat Race to-day, March 29. Davidge, who is expected to be stroking Oxford to-day, was also Oxford stroke last year and in 1949. Gladstone, who stroked Oxford during early tideway outings, was later moved back to No. 2, where he rowed in the 1950 crew. Last year the race had to be re-rowed.

* Rowed in last year's race.



M. L. THOMAS (No. 5).
Clifton and Jesus.



K. H. KENISTON (No. 6).
Harvard, U.S.A., and Balliol.



C. D. MILLING (No. 3).
Radley and Merton.



*L. A. F. STOKES (No. 4).
Winchester and New College.



H. M. C. QUICK (No. 7).
Shrewsbury and Merton.



D. R. GLYNNE-JONES (Cox).
Magdalen College School and Jesus.

NEW AIRCRAFT TO REDRESS THE BALANCE OF "OUR WOEFULLY INADEQUATE AIR DEFENCES."



THE SUPERMARINE SWIFT (ROLLS-ROYCE AVON TURBOJET)-FIGHTER.



DE HAVILLAND 112 VENOM (D.H.GHOST TURBOJET)-FIGHTER.



GLOSTER METEOR (GLAUCOPE TURBOJET)-FIGHTER.



HANDLEY PAGE HASTINGS (FOUR BRISTOL HERCULES ENGINES)-LONG RANGE TRANSPORT



BRISTOL TYPE 170 FIGHTER (TWO BRISTOL HERCULES ENGINES)-FIGHTER.



BRISTOL TYPE 170 FIGHTER (TWO BRISTOL HERCULES ENGINES)-FIGHTER.



DE HAVILLAND 113 VAMPIRE (D.H.GOBLIN TURBOJET)-NIGHT FIGHTER.

IN the Defence Debate in the Commons on March 5 Mr. Churchill said: "It is our air power which causes me the most anxiety. Deliveries of modern aircraft are seriously behind the original programme. . . . It is not a good arrangement to have the highest class of air pilots and all the personal staffs required and for them only to have second-best weapons to fight with." And on March 18, Mr. George Ward, Under-Secretary of State for Air, presenting the Air Estimates in the House, strengthened this warning and said: "I do not want to create undue anxiety, but it would be quite wrong for me not to make it plain that the air defences of this island at the present time would be woefully inadequate if we had not powerful allies in the North

SOME SPEARHEADS OF AIR DEFENCE TO WHICH "SUPER-PRIORITY" OF PRODUCTION HAS BEEN GIVEN.



DE HAVILLAND 100 VAMPIRE 5 (D.H. GORLIN 2 TURBOJET)—GROUND ATTACK FIGHTER.



VICKERS TYPE 660 VALIANT (FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE AVON TURBOJETS)—BOMBER.



ENGLISH ELECTRIC CANBERRA MARK 2 (TWO ROLLS-ROYCE AVON TURBOJET)—HIGH ALTITUDE MEDIUM BOMBER.



HAWKER P.1067 (ROLLS-ROYCE AVON TURBOJET)—SINGLE-SEAT FIGHTER.



DE HAVILLAND 112 VENOM N.F. MK. 2 (D.H. GHOST TURBOJET)—NIGHT-FIGHTER.



BRISTOL TYPE 171 SYCAMORE (ALVIS LEONIDES ENGINE)—RESCUE AND ARTILLERY SPOTTING HELICOPTER.

Atlantic Treaty Organisation." He pointed out that we had no fighter in service to match the Russian *MIG 15* operating in large numbers in Korea, and that it would be some time before we began to re-equip our squadrons with our own latest types. "Super-priority" has been granted to the production of the newest types of aircraft—of which we show a number destined for the R.A.F. and already in production. Mr. Ward referred in particular among these new types to the Supermarine *Swift* and Hawker *P.1067* (now to be called *Hunter*) among the day fighters and to the Vickers *Valiant* bomber, which, with the *Canberra*, ranks among the world's best jet bombers and which would go towards making a bomber force of great efficiency.



AVRO SHACKLETON (FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE GRIFFON ENGINES)—MARITIME RECONNAISSANCE.

CHESTERTON THROUGH A HOST OF EYES.

"RETURN TO CHESTERTON"; By MAISIE WARD.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

WHEN Maisie Ward's large "Life" of Chesterton appeared, I remarked in this place that she would do well to collect material for supplementary volumes. Her book was extremely good; but it was concentrated largely on Chesterton as a theologian and a controversialist, and I felt that some aspects of the large, genial, generous and very convivial man we knew might be more fully revealed were the author to ransack the memories of a wider circle of his old friends. She was doubtless aware of this herself, and what I trust may be only a first instalment of her researches appears in this new, and even more delightful, volume. She describes its contents herself. "This book is made up chiefly of unpublished letters,

not have been capable of putting together, let alone getting out on time, or at all, the humblest parish magazine. But the main thing about this new volume is the greater proportion of space which it devotes to the G.K.C. who was not wholly serious.

There was that large man, with his wide, black sombrero and his windy cape, who lumbered along the street as absent-mindedly as Dr. Johnson, with his blue eyes roaming the heavens and his mind musing on heaven knew what. One accosted him, he came to earth with exquisite courtesy, and within a minute, over a bottle of wine, he was listening or discoursing (and, unlike some of his notable contemporaries who could do both equally well) on whatever subject might occur to him or, in the faintest way, be suggested to him. In his home he was the same; except that there, if a visitor or visitors were present, there was no absent-mindedness: he was a perfect host. Everywhere, in congenial companionship—and almost any willing companionship was congenial to him—he would pour out a mixture of sense and nonsense, epigram, jest, remembered verses by his friends, satire (never sharply barbed except against unmistakable evil) with an extraordinary instinct for penetrating to truth about subjects of which he was, so far as multiple "facts" were concerned, imperfectly informed. And, when he suddenly found some ravishing phrase of wisdom or foolery coming from his own tongue or an approximation to that from a friend's, the high-pitched little shaking, infectious laugh would come: the harsh might have called it bubble-and-squeak. When he got going—and he never did unless the company wanted him to—he could talk like "Alice in Wonderland" or "The Song of Roland": and sometimes, in talk or writing, he blended the airs of the two.

There are here, for example, some "new" "Lines to Waterloo Station" which, when he had left the Slade School (which lost in him the makings of a great caricaturist of the Daumier kind) and had gone to work for Unwin the publisher, he addressed to his fiancée when they were off for a holiday:

Come hither, Fisher Unwin,
And leave your work awhile,
Uplinking in my face a span
With bright adoring smile.

All happy leaping Publishers
Round Paternoster Row,
Gay Simpkin, dreamy Marshall
And simple Sampson Low,
Come round, forgetting all your fears,
Your hats and dinners too,
While I remark with studied calm,
"Hurrah for Waterloo!"

Nay, start not, fearful Putnam,
I sing no warrior's fall
(Macmillan, smile again and dry
The tears of Kegan Paul)
But seldom on the spot I sing

Is heard the peal of guns,
Men do not charge for batteries,
They only charge for buns,
No chief expires, no trumpet
I blow, except my own,
But harmless season-tickets
Expire without a groan. . .

There is a long essay, also (presented to a young girl), based on the divers pronunciation of "tomato" by English and American people. It is fortified by solemn examples in the academic manner. For example: "In the famous passage in 'The Raven,' Edgar Allan Poe himself writes:

With a heart as cold as
Cato's, or the pallid bust
of Plato's
That I keep with canned
tomatoes just above
my chamber door";

and: "Authorities are not easy to adduce. Shakespeare has only one doubtful reference to tomatoes, on which the commentators differ: Duffins reading 'comatose' and Boxsheim 'come at once.' Milton's description of the light lunch given by Eve to Adam,

Tomatoes tolerant and cucumber mild
is not, to anyone familiar with Miltonic variations,

final touching his view of tomatoes, though decisive enough of his very Miltonic emphasis on cucumbers. The eighteenth century is almost silent. The tomato is too wild and fantastic an object in the trim rose-garden of Pope or even of Cowper. Burns indeed has the line:

'Wisht grumly claucht tomato tizzzy

but it is not easy to infer the sound of one word in a line, while we cannot reproduce the sound of any of the others."

It may be difficult for the reader who never heard of him to believe, but that is the way he could quite effortlessly talk, in verse and in prose, or make an after-dinner speech, or deliver a lecture. Miss Ward is critical about him as lecturer: he had a poor delivery, and a voice which didn't carry well, and he made few or no preparations. But, at least in a small hall, he was irresistible. I shall never forget my first hearing of him nearly forty years ago: the laughter of undergraduates and the impression of gnomic wisdom which seemed to be conveyed by such remarks as: "If one says 'How my aunt has changed,' it doesn't mean so much that she has changed as that she is still my aunt"—it had some reference, I think, to England misbehaving herself.

Miss Ward might pursue her researches amongst Chesterton's older friends, and especially, his men friends. After all, he did frequent companies of men and (although not addicted to banging down tankards in the legendary way) was addicted to inns. Inns of the old kind, of course: his dream of an ideal inn was so far from being a Tied House that it actually was a Flying Inn.

About 1918 I remember the late Arthur Hungerford Pollen suddenly asking me whom I thought the two greatest men of the age. Not ready with an answer, and perceiving that he was ready with one, I returned the question. "Chesterton and Baden-Powell," he replied, giving as his reason that they refused to let the devil have the best times. I still think there is something in that, in a world which more frequently than ever provokes the old wistful cry:

If only the good were clever
And only the clever were good!

Chesterton sang:

The men who wear the Cross of Christ
Go gaily in the dark.

The admission of "the dark" may be noted by those who think that his was an habitual cheerfulness easily sustained. It certainly wasn't spiritually, at times; and physically that enormous body, which, from obscure causes, developed so suddenly when he was a young



MISS MAISIE WARD (MRS. F. SHEED), THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Miss Maisie Ward, daughter of the late Wilfrid and Josephine Ward, married Francis J. Sheed, the Catholic publisher, in 1926. They have two children. Among the books she has written are "The Wilfrid Wards," "Insurrection versus Resurrection," "Gilbert Keith Chesterton," "France Pagan," and "Young Mr. Newman."



"HOW I FELT WHEN I WENT TO IRELAND AND MET ST. PATRICK": A DRAWING MADE BY G. K. CHESTERTON FOR HIS FRIEND PATRICIA BURKE. Reproductions from "Return to Chesterton"; by courtesy of the Publishers, Sheed and Ward.

verses and *jeux d'esprit* of Chesterton's, over eighty in all, some long, others quite short; of the memories of many who knew him, of fresh stories, and other material that has come to me in rich profusion. I had planned only a larger edition of my biography, but it soon became clear that the choice lay between setting aside the greater part or writing a new book. It would have been a thousand pities to lose the fresh and vivid memories of many who are still young and who knew G.K. when they were children; of the artists who painted him, the friends who lived in the flat below, the flat above and the flat beside him; of the secretaries who worked for him, the barbers who shaved him, the taximen who drove him, the American family he lodged with. Nothing changed the picture of the man I knew, but fresh aspects came to light."

All else apart, as a mere album of Chesterton's casual sayings and writings, this volume will be a constant delight to people who refuse to allow romance and humour to be steam-rolled out of them, and a mine for those biographers in the future who will try to recover the image of this huge, brave, gentle, chuckling cornucopia of a man. As Miss Ward says: "For those who can never have enough of him this book justifies its existence merely by being about him." There is plenty here to supplement the picture given in the larger book of the mystic, the propagandist, the fighter, the friend. There are many delightful stories and letters illustrating the perfection of his relations with his quiet, comprehending wife, and that swarm of godchildren and other young people who took the place in his life of the children which his wife could not have. There is a good deal more about his struggles with the weekly paper which ultimately bore his name and which he carried on in loyalty to his brother Cecil, who died at the front. In that connection it may be remarked that, although he always (rather to the annoyance of his wife, who thought of him as a man-of-letters) described himself as a "journalist"—a journalist by his own modest definition being "a man who wrote things on the backs of advertisements"—he would



THE JUNIOR DEBATING CLUB, 1891: L. TO R. (FRONT) L. R. F. OLDERSHAW; G. K. CHESTERTON; B. N. LANGDON-DAVIES. (CENTRE) LAWRENCE SOLOMON; WALDO D'AVIGDOR. (BACK) E. W. FORDHAM; DIGBY D'AVIGDOR.

man who had been thin as well as tall, must have been nearly a lifelong martyrdom. He made the best of it by joking about it.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 558 of this issue.



THE FIRST SHIP IN ANY NAVY SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO OPERATE JET AIRCRAFT: H.M.S. EAGLE, AND (INSET) HER COMMANDER, CAPTAIN GUY WILLOUGHBY, R.N.

SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED FOR JET AIRCRAFT:
H.M.S. EAGLE, THE NAVY'S NEWEST CARRIER



FOLDING BACK THE WING OF A FIREBRAND TORPEDO-CARRYING AIRCRAFT PRIOR TO WHEELING HER ALONG: A VIEW OF THE VAST FLIGHT-DECK OF H.M.S. EAGLE.



HOW AIRCRAFT ARE RAISED TO THE FLIGHT-DECK FROM THE HANGARS: A SUPERMARINE ATTACKER JET FIGHTER OF 800 SQUADRON ON ONE OF THE HIGH-SPEED LIFTS.



WITH TWO VICKERS SUPERMARINE ATTACKER JET FIGHTERS IN THE FOREGROUND, AND TORPEDO-CARRYING FIREBRANDS IN THE BACKGROUND: EAGLE'S FLIGHT-DECK.



LAUNCHED FROM THE FLIGHT-DECK OF EAGLE BY MEANS OF THE SHIP'S HYDRAULIC CATAPULT EQUIPMENT: A VICKERS SUPERMARINE ATTACKER JET FIGHTER TAKING OFF.



WITH WINGS FOLDED BACK: A FIREBRAND TORPEDO-CARRYING AIRCRAFT BEING WHEELED ALONG THE FLIGHT-DECK OF H.M.S. EAGLE.

H.M.S. *Eagle*, the Royal Navy's newest fleet aircraft-carrier (36,800 tons), the first ship in any Navy specifically designed to operate jet aircraft, was laid down on May 3, 1943, launched on May 3, 1950, and following completion of her sea-trials, finally accepted into Royal Naval service on March 1. Last week *Attacker* jet fighters of 800 Squadron, and *Firebrand* torpedo-carrying aircraft of 827 Squadron carried out exercises in landing and taking-off procedure at sea from her. The *Attackers* took off at intervals of about a minute-and-a-half. The ship's hydraulic

launching gear is eventually to be replaced in *Eagle* by the new steam catapult invented by Commander (E) C. C. Mitchell, R.N.V.R. Each *Firebrand* made a free take-off, and, when ten machines were airborne, they provided joint training for gun crews and radar teams. Dummy attacks on H.M.S. *Eagle* were made by both types of aircraft before preparing to land-on. The new fleet aircraft-carrier will have a peace-time complement of 88 officers and 1337 ratings, excluding members of the embarked squadrons.

A NEW VENTURE IN ONE OF ENGLAND'S FAMOUS HOMES:
MAKING POTTERY BY HAND AT HOLKHAM HALL, NORFOLK.



BUILT IN 1734: HOLKHAM HALL, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF LEICESTER, FROM THE SOUTH. THE PLAN OF THE HOUSE, BY WILLIAM KENT, WAS MAINLY TAKEN FROM A DESIGN BY PALLADIO.



WHERE THE HOLKHAM POTTERY IS MADE: THE GROUND-FLOOR ROOM WITH LARGE WINDOWS, WHICH WAS ONCE THE LAUNDRY. HAND THROWN BOWLS ARE STANDING ON THE OLD IRONING TABLES.



MODELLING ANIMALS IN THE HOLKHAM POTTERY: LADY ANNE COKE, WHO NOT ONLY HELPS WITH THE SELLING SIDE AND THE PACKING, BUT ALSO DOES THE BOOK-KEEPING.



THE FINAL PROCESS: BOWLS BEING PUT IN THE GLOST KILN, WHERE THE GLAZES ARE FIRED PERMANENTLY ON TO THE WARE.

Holkham Hall, in Norfolk, the seat of the Earl of Leicester, famous for its valuable collection of art treasures, is now open to the public on Thursdays during the summer months. This year visitors will find an added attraction, for they will be welcomed to the pottery which has now become an important part of the Holkham activities. Mr. Coke, who built the great house in 1734, found the clay for his bricks close at hand; these bricks have withstood more than two centuries of East Coast winds and weather without showing a sign of wear. It was the famous brick-yard that inspired the idea of starting a pottery; and after many months of careful planning, work

was begun in the old laundry, which was found to be ideally suited for the purpose, with its large windows and big ironing-tables and cupboards. Here the work is carried out by four craftsmen led by Mr. Corrigan, who is in charge of the working side. Lady Leicester and her eldest daughter, Lady Anne Coke, manage the selling side and the packing; and, in addition, Lady Anne does the book-keeping. Most of the ware which is made is designed for use rather than show. Some of the things which have proved particularly popular are large breakfast cups and saucers; firelighters; bowls and soup pots with lids. Every article is thrown by



"HANDLING" CUPS: A CRAFTSWOMAN AT THE HOLKHAM POTTERY FIXING HANDLES ON TO BREAKFAST CUPS; AN OLD LAUNDRY CUPBOARD MAKES AN IDEAL DRYING-RACK.



SPRAYING THE GLAZE: IN SOME CASES WHEN A VERY HIGH FINISH IS DESIRED, AS MANY AS FOUR SPRAYINGS OF GLAZE MUST BE APPLIED.



DECORATING THE WARE: A CRAFTSWOMAN PAINTING BOWLS AND PLATES. VISITORS TO HOLKHAM THIS YEAR WILL BE ABLE TO SEE THE POTTERY BEING MADE.



AT WORK IN THE HOLKHAM POTTERY: TURNING SAUCERS. BIG BREAKFAST CUPS AND SAUCERS WERE PARTICULARLY POPULAR WITH VISITORS LAST YEAR.

hand, and when in the semi-hardened state is again turned on the wheel and given a smooth finish with different tools. The next step is the biscuit firing, which is followed by glazing; in some cases when a very high finish is required, as many as four sprayings of glaze have to be applied. Finally the ware is put in the Glost kiln, where the glazes are permanently fired. Holkham Hall, which is near the little North Norfolk coast town of Wells-next-the-Sea, is the home of Lord Leicester, who succeeded his father as fifth Earl in 1949. He married in 1931 Lady Elizabeth Yorke, only daughter of the eighth Earl of Hardwicke, and they have three

daughters. With Holkham is always associated the name of Thomas William Coke, Earl of Leicester (1752-1842), better known as "Coke of Norfolk," who entered upon possession of the Holkham estate in 1776. This famous agriculturist, who was wont to say that when he first knew Holkham it was no rare thing for "two rabbits to be found fighting for one grass-blade," by digging up the marl found under the sandy surface soil, made the estate one of the most productive in the country. He was only twenty-two when he succeeded his great-uncle to the vast estate and started his agricultural experiments. (Photographs by Geoffrey Cory-Wright.)

PHOENICIAN, ROMAN, BYZANTINE:

THE THREE CITIES OF TRIPOLITANIAN SABRATHA. THE RISE AND FALL OF AN AFRICAN CITY REVEALED.

By KATHLEEN M. KENYON, F.S.A.

THE province of Tripolitania, now part of the new federal Kingdom of Libya, takes its name from the three cities which were the centres of its civilisation and prosperity, and which had their origins as Phœnician trading posts. One, Oea, lies beneath the modern city of Tripoli, but the other two, Lepcis and Sabratha, have been deserted since the Arab invasion. Between the wars, the Italian Antiquities Service carried out a great work of excavation and conservation at both these sites, large portions of which are now uncovered. Since the war, archaeological work at both sites has been continued by the British School at Rome, under its Director, Mr. J. B. Ward-Perkins. Three seasons of excavations have been devoted to Sabratha. The visible structures belong to the Roman and Byzantine periods, but beneath them are the remains of the preceding Phœnician city, and for the first time it has been possible to work out the history of the Phœnician occupation of Libya. Three main phases in the development of Phœnician Sabratha were traced. The earliest occupation can only be interpreted as seasonal visits for the purpose of trade. Beneath the earliest houses there was everywhere found to be a considerable depth of accumulation, made up of a series of superimposed floors, without any structures except an occasional post-hole and with, in between them, layers of wind-blown sand. The first Phœnicians must therefore have camped by the little harbour to trade with the natives, while in between their visits sand blew in and covered the remains of their fires and the floors of their slight shelters. Associated with these floors was a considerable quantity of pottery, mainly Phœnician, but including some Greek pottery which may date from the sixth century B.C. Towards the end of the fifth century, the first permanent settlement was made, marking the second phase of Phœnician Sabratha. The

settlement was concentrated round the harbour, and was bounded on the landward side by a massive wall, unfortunately almost completely removed in the Roman period. The houses within the wall were comparatively small, and partially built of mud-brick. Much pottery was recovered, and a considerable number of coins, but there was little to suggest any high degree of prosperity or artistic development. The town must nevertheless have prospered, for in the course of the next two centuries it expanded considerably beyond its early wall. Most of the buildings uncovered were private houses, but one massive building was traced beneath the later Forum, and it appeared that at least part of the area beneath the Roman Forum was an open space, probably a market square, in the Phœnician period. The first traces of Roman occupation appear at the end of the first century B.C. The whole town was drastically remodelled. Three of the original *insulae* of the Phœnician town were rebuilt on the same lines, but beyond them a whole quarter was swept away to lay out the great Roman public buildings which are seen in Mr. Alan Sorrell's reconstruction (Fig. 4). A Forum was flanked on one side by a Basilica, on the other by a Curia, and at one end it opened on to a temple probably dedicated to Liber Pater, who may be equated with Bacchus. On the seaward side was another temple, probably dedicated to Serapis. Surrounding the public buildings, regular *insulae* were laid out, and the excavations showed that this represented a major work of town-planning, for valleys were filled up and hillocks levelled down to provide a uniform gentle slope to the sea. The history of the central group of public buildings was worked out in detail by the expedition. It was established that they increased steadily in magnificence up to about A.D. 200. By that time the Forum and Temple of Liber Pater had been remodelled and enlarged (this is the stage shown in the reconstruction), a massive Capitolium had been added at the west end of the Forum, and two more temples on the south side (Figs. 1, 3 and 4). By the same time, too, a whole new quarter of the city had been built to the east, centred on a magnificent theatre which has been admirably reconstructed by the Italian Antiquities Service. This was the zenith of the prosperity of Roman Sabratha. By the end of the third century, the province was suffering from the effects of barbarian inroads. The Basilica was so completely destroyed that it was rebuilt on a completely new plan in the Constantinian period, and most of the houses

[Continued opposite.]



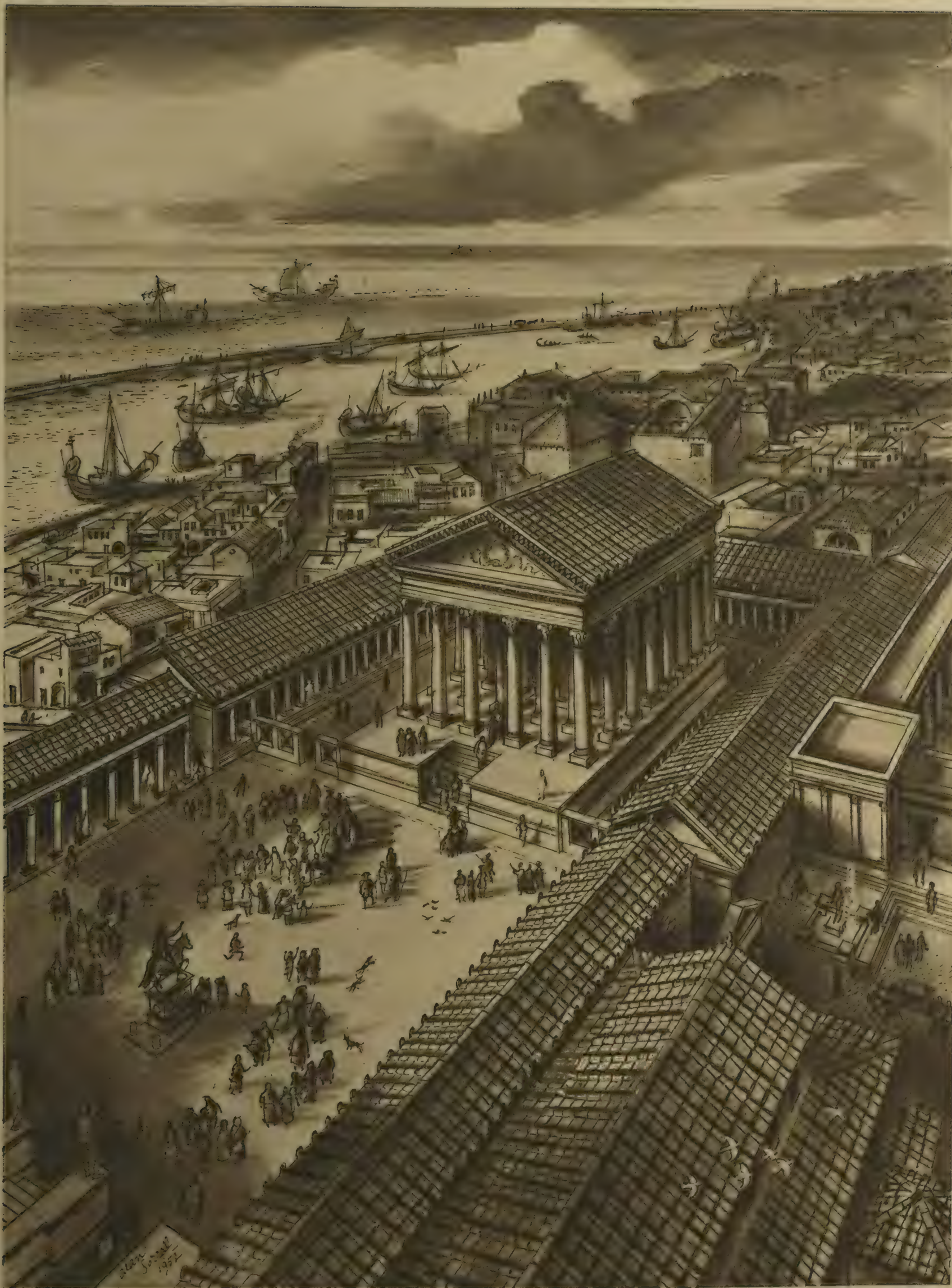
FIG. 1. THE FORUM OF SABRATHA IN TRIPOLITANIA, AS IT IS TO-DAY. THIS SHOWS THE LANDWARD FLANK OF THE TEMPLE OF LIBER PATER (WITH RE-ERECTED PILLARS) (LOOKING WEST) AND THE BASE OF THE CAPITOLIUM (LEFT BACKGROUND). COMPARE WITH FIG. 4.



FIG. 2. THE ROMAN BASILICA, CONVERTED INTO A BYZANTINE CHURCH, WITH OLDER PILLARS GROUPED INTO A CANOPY FOR A CHRISTIAN ALTAR, AND A BAPTISTERY IN THE FOREGROUND. ONLY THE CENTRE OF SABRATHA WAS RE-OCCUPIED IN BYZANTINE TIMES.



FIG. 3. THE FORUM OF SABRATHA TO-DAY (LOOKING EAST); WITH THE TALL PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE OF LIBER PATER IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND AND THE PODIUM OF THE CAPITOLIUM IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND.



(FIG. 4.) TRIPOLITANIAN SABRATHA AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS PROSPERITY: A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE ROMAN CITY AT ABOUT A.D. 200, WITH THE TEMPLE OF LIBER PATER IN THE CENTRE OF THE FORUM.

Continued. show evidence of fourth-century rebuilding. The end of Roman Sabratha came in the middle of the fifth century, when the Vandal invasions disrupted town life. For a century rubble from the ruined buildings was allowed to accumulate in the streets, and narrow tracks of beaten sand followed the courses of once well-paved streets. In the middle of the sixth century, the recovery of the province by the Byzantine Empire brought a brief revival of civilisation. By then, the houses were buried some 6 ft. in rubble, and the new Byzantine houses were built on top of the accumulated débris. Only the centre of the

town was reoccupied, defended by a massive wall. The public buildings alone retained something of their early form, but there were drastic changes in their use. The Basilica became a Christian church (Fig. 2), and the Forum served as a graveyard. Much of the Byzantine work was shoddy, with universal re-use of classical architectural fragments, but in spite of this some of the mosaics were of exquisite beauty. Byzantine Sabratha lasted only for a century. With the Arab invasion, town life came to an end altogether, and the site was gradually covered beneath many feet of débris.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY ALAN SORRELL, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF MISS K. M. KENYON, F.S.A.

AT the end of his Montague Burton International Relations Lecture on "Spain in the Modern World," delivered at the University of Nottingham on November 2 last, Sir Charles Petrie remarked: "For a variety of reasons which we have considered, Spain has in modern times stood somewhat aloof from the rest of the world, and this isolation has been accentuated by the attitude of the United Nations Organisation towards the Franco régime. Now there are signs of a change, and the question is not so much whether, but on what terms, there is to be co-operation with other Powers." I have written on the subject of Spain several times in these pages during the last few years, and, looking back, I find the extent of the change already considerable. Certainly it has not been rapid, and many will feel that it has been dangerously slow. Yet the relations between Spain and the United States, and even Britain and France, are indeed strikingly different from what they were when I first suggested here that statesmanship would be gravely at fault if it did not recognise the need for a new outlook. I well remember the letters I received after those early articles. Some were unfavourable and even abusive, but the majority expressed agreement with my views.

I agree with Sir Charles Petrie that to-day the question is not so much whether there shall be co-operation between Spain and other Powers as to what sort of co-operation it is to be. At present nobody seems to know. The United States has taken the lead in dealing with Spain and has sent representatives to study on the spot her place in Western European defence. She has collected a good deal of information, but in a somewhat indeterminate way, and we have been informed by the Spanish Ambassador in Lisbon, the Caudillo's brother, that "it is not known what America really wants." Spain has also received from the United States certain loans, sorely needed by an economy none too strong before the civil war, and which has never recovered from the injuries received in that destructive conflict. She is now spending money, presumably in part this money, in improvement of communications. Without better communications increased exploitation of her resources is an impossibility. At the same time, she considers that roads in little-frequented parts of the country would improve her prospects of dealing with invasion by air, a risk which the Government's military advisers have very much in their minds. Roads are certainly useful for the purpose of attacking airborne forces, but they may also aid them to advance. Airborne forces can nowadays bring plenty of transport with them, and it must not be forgotten that lack of roads may be a handicap to invaders. I do not oppose the Spanish view, but the problem has two sides.

The United States does not appear to have decided how far aid to Spain is to be military—that is in arms, equipment and material with an obvious military significance, such as rolling stock—and how far economic. No private individual can form an estimate of the ideal proportions, but every intelligent observer can see that aid in both forms is required and that in military form alone it would not suffice. In the long run there can be little advantage in supplying a nation with, let us say, modern tanks and aircraft, unless the social and economic structure is capable of supporting and maintaining its fighting forces. We in this country do not now need to be told to what an extent normal production is drawn off by the needs of defence—and it would still be, though of course less, if all our warships, tanks and aircraft were built abroad and handed over to us without charge. At the same time, without undue or galling interference in internal affairs, a lending State may fairly point out the need for reform in economic administration, particularly the checking of the admittedly flagrant tax evasion.

On the strictly strategic side, I find all I have written here in the past confirmed by military opinion now. (I take no pride in that, since the strategic importance of Spain in the world of to-day has been obvious ever since the war, and was denied only for propagandist reasons or because people were afraid to say what they really felt.) Spain represents a great asset in the defence of Western Europe. Whatever may be her grievances against some of its States, she is pledged to take part in that defence because the ideology which threatens Western Europe is abhorrent to the great majority of her people. Her part is fore-ordained, whether she is weak or strong. Military aid will not affect her policy or course of action, but

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. SPAIN AND WESTERN EUROPE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

effective military aid, backed by economic aid, will greatly increase her value as an asset. Yet it is not a question merely of loans or of American action. Measures to encourage trade can also play their part.

I referred just now to a statement made by Señor Nicolas Franco, actually in an interview with a correspondent of the *Daily Express*. Later in this interview he remarked that Spain could not be, and did not wish to be, dependent on the dollar. Her need for sterling was, he said, far greater than her need for dollars. Possibilities exist of stimulating economic relations between Britain and Spain without exciting the susceptibilities of those who favoured the Republican cause in the civil war. Such susceptibilities, where they extend beyond the ranks of Communism, cannot be disregarded, even by those who feel those subject to them to be mistaken. They do amount to a handicap in an ideological sense

is prepared to leave the claim in abeyance during the present phase of international tension. When M. Venizelos was recently in Turkey he discouraged demands for his views on the subject. In any case, the value of Spanish aid, of that of Santander, Ferrol, Cadiz, Cartagena, Barcelona, of the airfields of Spain and Spanish Morocco, of the Balearic Isles, is infinitely greater than the value of Gibraltar only.

Similarly, Spain does not expect to be invited to become a member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation; anyhow, not for some time. It is not certain that she has any desire to enter it, and if she had, her pride would not permit her to sue for admission. This is not an unsurmountable barrier to collaboration in defence. Western Germany is not a member, but proposals for this new State, part of a greater one lately in arms against Britain and America, to share in Western European defence, have long been in progress. It must be admitted that the difficulty of finding a formula for alliance outside that treaty has been serious and the cause of serious delays; but the fears which have brought these about are not present in the case of Spain. I consider that it would be a simpler matter to deal with Spain in this respect, as regards both negotiations and the machinery required—and, goodness knows, that would in these days be welcome. I have spoken of respect for ideological factors, but have not suggested that this should be allowed to degenerate into timidity, as is now the case. Further hesitation might have to be repented in sackcloth and ashes later on.

"And yet it moves," but it does not move fast enough. If the tempo of international relations were slower than it is to-day, if wars, or the certainty of their outbreak, could be seen as far ahead as was formerly the case, there would be no need to worry. The process of Spain's emergence from her isolation and her approach to the United States, the United Kingdom, and even France, which is inevitable and has been going on steadily, could be left to take its natural course. Yet these are the days, witness the German attacks on Yugoslavia and Russia, the Japanese attacks on the United States and on Britain in the Far East, and the Korean war, when war may come as a complete strategic and even a tactical surprise and a blow of staggering violence may be dealt at a moment when the situation looks no more ominous than usual. Such surprises are often inevitable, but it is rarely that international consultations and preparations taken in advance do not play a part in mitigating the damage, which they cause. Without such preliminary measures, confusion, uncertainty and cross-purposes become almost inevitable at moments of crisis.

Glancing back over my pages, I ask myself whether they will appear humdrum. If so, it will be my own doing. I have deliberately set what I have to say in a low key and avoided the rhetoric and emotion which the subject of Spain in the modern world tends to arouse on both sides. This does not imply that my views fall short of the fullest conviction, or that I feel any doubt about the general policy desirable. Again, though I have given but a small place to sentiment, this is not due to absence of a warm and lively interest in Spain, Spanish history and the Spanish people. I have put emphasis on the more material and mundane considerations which have always played a big part in international relations, and continue to do so to an extent as great as ever. I recognise that, whereas in

my own mind sentiment may reinforce reason, in the minds of others the two may be opposed. In either case, reason is here capable of standing by itself. Sentiment of one kind, that connected with the civil war, may nevertheless be the worst foe of reason.

The present régime in Spain, however it is viewed, must be recognised by now as a Spanish business. Years of strong propaganda have not broken it up, nor to the outsider does it appear any weaker than formerly. It has to some extent evolved, though its evolution has not been due to outside pressure. Further changes may occur, and we may remind ourselves that Spain is to-day officially a monarchy, though there is no sovereign on the throne. That, like the future of Gibraltar, is a matter in abeyance, and is not one of urgency. The place of Spain in Western Europe is a matter of urgency, one which politicians have no right to go on shelving. The habit of dealing with all the easier papers first and continually putting the rather more difficult to the bottom of the basket is one of the worst a business man can acquire and still less commendable in a statesman.

THE HOME AND MEDITERRANEAN FLEETS AT MALTA.



WARSHIPS OF THE HOME AND MEDITERRANEAN FLEETS IN THE GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA: (IN LINE LEFT TO RIGHT) H.M.S. LIVERPOOL; H.M.S. INDOMITABLE; H.M.S. GLASGOW; AND H.M.S. SUPERB. (BERTHED, LEFT BACKGROUND) H.M.S. THESEUS WITH, ASTERN, H.M.S. CLEOPATRA.



THE FIRST SEA LORD IN CONFERENCE AT MALTA WITH OFFICERS OF THE HOME AND MEDITERRANEAN FLEETS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN H.M.S. LIVERPOOL.

The photograph shows (left to right, round the table): Rear-Admiral F. R. Parham; Admiral Sir John Edelman, C.-in-C. Mediterranean Fleet; Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, First Sea Lord; Admiral Sir George Creasy, C.-in-C. Home Fleet; Rear-Admiral W. G. A. Robson; Commodore G. Fawkes; Rear-Admiral Caspar John; Vice-Admiral G. A. B. Hawkins; Vice-Admiral R. A. B. Edwards, 2nd-in-C. Mediterranean Fleet; Commodore T. M. Brownrigg. Seated, left, away from the table, is Captain P. W. Gretton, Naval Assistant to the First Sea Lord. The conference took place when the Home and Mediterranean Fleets were both at Malta following the exercise "Grand Slam," in which probably the biggest single naval task force (from the navies of Great Britain, France, U.S.A. and Italy) ever to be assembled in peace time, took part.

to closer British-Spanish relations. It is not always realised, on the other hand, that Spain possesses psychological capital of high value in the modern world. For many years she has been taking trouble to revive the sentimental and cultural links with the nations of Spanish America, her former colonies. The sympathies she has contrived to arouse are already valuable, and would probably prove considerably more so in time of war.

Though it is alleged, perhaps with some truth, that her isolation has made her unfamiliar, even to some extent where her Government is concerned, with the currents of world opinion, her attitude is not lacking in realism. Take, for example, the question of Gibraltar. Spain does not, and could hardly be expected to, abandon her claim to the Rock, but unofficially has let it be known that this is not a matter of urgency. "Public opinion in England is not ready," said Señor Nicolas Franco in the interview already referred to. This point of view is almost exactly similar to that of the Greek Government on Cyprus; it hopes that the island may one day become a part of Greece, but



A GLACIER GROTTO 16,500 FT. UP : THE ICY HEART OF NANDA DEVI, HIMALAYAN GODDESS ; AND A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH 1951 EXPEDITION STANDING WITHIN IT.

The 1951 French Expedition to the Himalayan peak Nanda Devi (25,645 ft.), left Marseilles in April, 1951. Roger Duplat, the leader, desired to make of the ascent a climb in true Alpinist tradition, by seeking the route offering the greatest technical difficulties. There was no question of "conquering" Nanda Devi, the mountain named after, and sacred to, the Hindu goddess Nanda, as both peaks had been previously climbed by H. W. Tilman in 1936 (who recorded his

achievement in "The Ascent of Nanda Dêvi"); and by the Polish mountaineer Karpinski. On the following pages the story of the 1951 adventure, and its tragic end is recorded in photographs by Jean-Jacques Languepin, a member of the expedition, with information supplied by him. This remarkable photograph shows Nanda Devi's under-glacier grotto, probably the highest grotto in the world, hollowed out by the action of subterranean torrents of water.

Photograph by J.-J. Languepin. Copyright reserved by the Alpine Club of Lyons.

THE FRENCH HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION: A 1951 VENTURE IN WHICH TWO DIED.

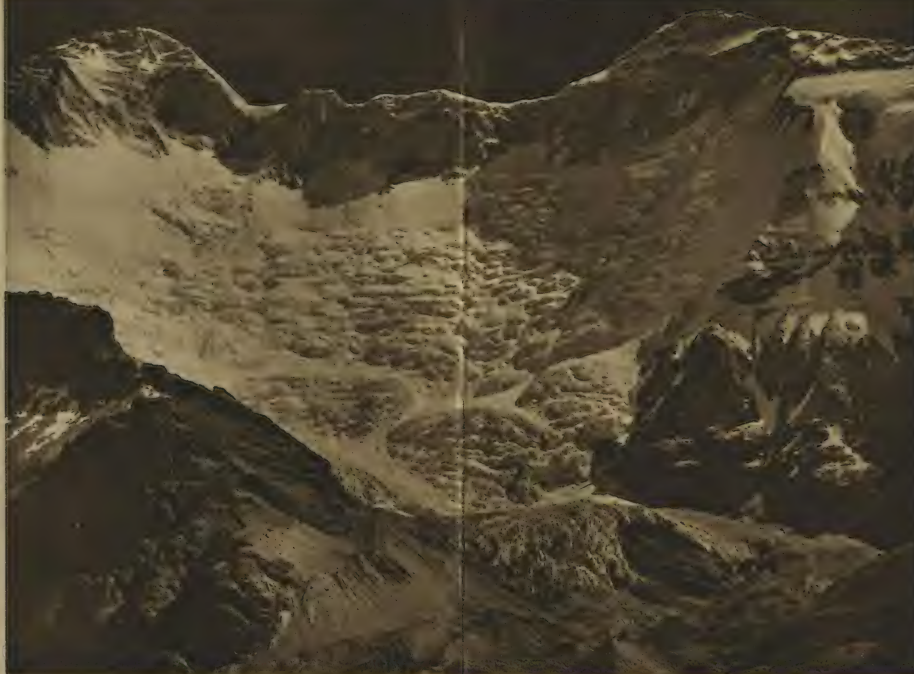


TACKLING THE ROCK WALL TO THE SUMMIT OF THE WEST GARGO: THE DIFFICULTIES PRESENTED BY GETTING SUPPLIES AND THEIR LOADS UP THE FACE WERE CONSIDERABLE.

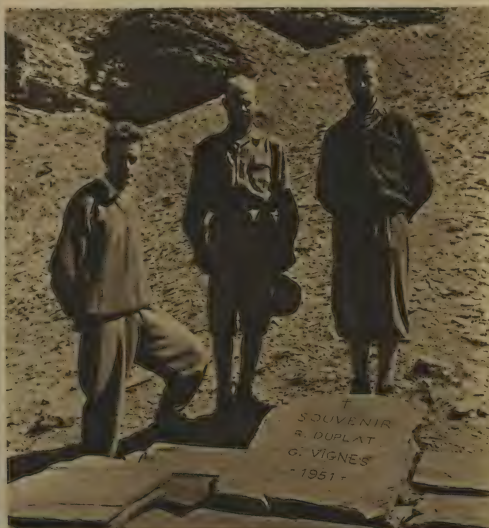


THE HAZARDS OF THE APPROACH TO NANDA DEVI: CROSSING A BOILING TORRENT WITH THE AID OF AN IMPROVISED BRIDGE. ONE OF THE PORTERS WAS LOST HERE.

The 1951 French Expedition to Nanda Devi, almost in the centre of the Himalayan chain, approached from Chamoli, point of departure for pilgrims and terminus of roads possible for wheeled traffic. The gorge of the Rishi Ganga, which rises in the Nanda Devi glaciers, leads from Lata to the mountain-foot for just over 31 miles, but took three weeks to traverse. Porters panicked and deserted their, and had to be replaced. On June 18 the base camp site was reached, at 16,500 ft. (a little



ILLUSTRATING THE OBJECTIVE OF ROGER DUPLAT AND GILBERT VIGNES: THE GLACIERS ON THE SOUTH FACE OF NANDA DEVI, WITH (BACKGROUND) THE MAIN (WEST) SUMMIT (25,645 FT.; LEFT), THE EAST SUMMIT (24,391 FT.; RIGHT) AND THE RIDGE UNITING THEM, WHICH THE MOUNTAINEERS WHO LOST THEIR LIVES HAD ATTEMPTED TO CROSS.



IN MEMORY OF ROGER DUPLAT, LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, AND GILBERT VIGNES: THE STONE AT THE BASE CAMP, WITH (L. TO R.) PAUL GENDRE, DR. PAVAN AND LOUIS DUBOST BESIDE IT.

higher than Mont Blanc). Above rose the peaks of Nanda Devi. On the same day a party left for the Longstaff col on the slopes of the East peak to prepare a reception camp for the assault party. The plan was that Duplat and Vignes would climb the West summit, then traverse the intimidating 1½-mile long ridge, ascend the East summit and descend to Longstaff col. Speed was essential, as the monsoon was due at the end of June. Happily, it was three weeks late. Before the attempt

Photographs by J.-J. Languepin. Copyright reserved by the Alpine Club of Lyons.

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THE ASCENT OF NANDA DEVI, MOUNTAIN GODDESS: HAZARDS OF THE JOURNEY.

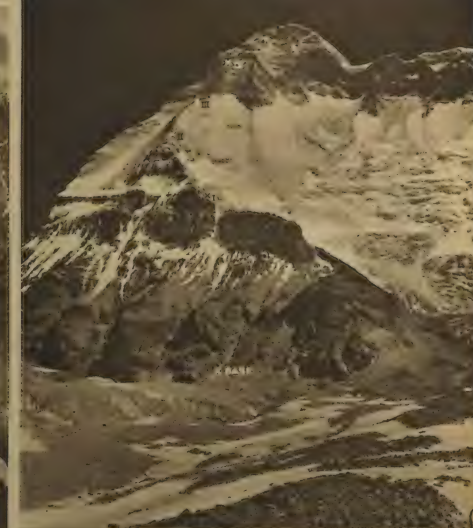


LEAVING CAMP III (21,000 FT.), ONE OF THE SERIES ESTABLISHED ON THE WAY TO THE MAIN (WEST) PEAK (25,645 FT.): A PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING THE CONDITIONS MET WITH.



NANDA DEVI FROM THE RISHI GANGA: THE GORGE EXTENDS FOR 311 MILES, AND THE PARTY TOOK THREE WEEKS TO TRAVERSE ITS DIFFICULT LENGTH.

could be made camps had to be installed on the route to the West summit. On June 27 Duplat and Vignes left the base camp, passed Camps I, II, and III, and camped for the last time with their Sherpas. On June 28 they left for the West Peak carrying their equipment (c. 29 lb. each). On June 29, Gevill and Barbeaz watched their progress from Camp III. They disappeared in mist. After two days Gevill climbed to a vantage point, but could see nothing. On the East Peak Dubost



WITH CROSSES MARKING THE BASE CAMP (16,500 FT.) AND CAMPS I (19,000 FT.), II (20,100 FT.), III (21,000 FT.) AND IV (22,500 FT.): THE WEST PEAK FROM SOUTH GLACIER.

and Pavan waited above Longstaff col, and on July 6 Dubost climbed the peak. Finding no one, he hoped the missing men had retraced their steps; but when Languepin and Gendre reached Longstaff col on July 8, disaster had to be admitted. Supplies were short, and the monsoon threatened. Though the expedition had not, like the Herzog party, whose conquest of Annapurna we illustrated on March 15, achieved their objective, they had added an epic to mountaineering history.

MEN OF THE NANDA DEVI EXPEDITION, AND THE LAST OF THEIR LEADER.



THREATENED BY THE MONSOON AND SHORT OF SUPPLIES: A GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION DISMANTLING TENTS AT CAMP III. (21,000 FT.) AFTER THE TRAGIC LOSS OF THEIR LEADER, ROGER DUPLAT; AND GILBERT VIGNES.



THE LAST VILLAGE IN THE VALLEY BEFORE ENTERING THE RISHI GORGE, WHICH PRESENTED MANY DIFFICULTIES TO THE PARTY AS THEY TRAVERSED IT: ROGER DUPLAT, AT LATA, VISITING THE SHRINE OF THE GODDESS NANDA DEVI.



IN THE SANCTUARY, OR NANDA DEVI BASIN, THE SPACE BETWEEN THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN AND ITS "RING FENCE" OF GIANT PEAKS: PORTERS AND EQUIPMENT AT THE LAST HALT BEFORE REACHING THE BASE CAMP SITE.



PREPARING FOR THE INSTALLATION OF THE TENTS AT CAMP I. (19,000 FT.) BELOW THE MAIN (WEST) PEAK: SHERPAS ATTACHED TO THE EXPEDITION CONSTRUCTING STONE TERRACES ON THE STEEP MOUNTAINSIDE.



THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TO BE TAKEN OF ROGER DUPLAT, LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, AND HIS COMPANION, GILBERT VIGNES: THE MOUNTAINEERS WAVING AS THEY LEFT CAMP II. ON JUNE 28 AT 8 A.M.—FROM A CINÉ FILM TAKEN BY LOUIS GEVRIL.



SITUATED ON THE SAME LOCATION AS THE BASE CAMP OF MR. H. W. TILMAN'S EXPEDITION OF 1936, WHEN NANDA DEVI WAS SCALED: THE BASE CAMP OF THE FRENCH EXPEDITION, WITH THE GREAT MOUNTAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.



A "TIGER OF MOUNT EVEREST": THE TOUGH AND SMILING SIRDAR TENSING, WHO REACHED THE SUMMIT OF NANDA DEVI EAST PEAK IN COMPANY WITH LOUIS DUBOST.



THE LEADER DURING HIS LAST DAY IN BASE CAMP: ROGER DUPLAT RECEIVING INSTRUCTION FROM DR. PAYAN (RIGHT) ON THE USE OF HIS MEDICAL EQUIPMENT.



IN FULL CLIMBING EQUIPMENT: LOUIS DUBOST AT THE BASE CAMP (16,500 FT.). HE SUCCESSFULLY CLIMBED TO THE SUMMIT OF NANDA DEVI'S GREAT EAST PEAK (24,391 FT.).

The French 1951 Expedition to Nanda Devi, the famous Himalayan peak, illustrated on this and previous pages, was launched by the Alpine Club of Lyons, with M. Montel as leading supporter, and was financed chiefly by generous public subscriptions. The members of the party were Roger Duplat, the leader, and Gilbert Vignes, who lost their lives; Louis Gevril, Louis Dubost, who climbed the east peak, Alain Barbezat, Paul Gendre, Dr. Payan, of the Grange-Blanche

Hospital, Lyons, and Jean-Jacques Languepin, whose fine photographs and vivid descriptions give a moving picture of the expedition. On this page we give portraits of the members of the party, and illustrate aspects of the adventure. The Sanctuary, or the space between the foot of Nanda Devi and its "ring-fence" of giant peaks, extends to some 250 sq. miles, and contains many lesser peaks, ridges, a glacier system and, surprisingly enough, great grass slopes.

Photographs (except that from the ciné-film) by J.-J. Languepin. Copyright reserved by the Alpine Club of Lyons.



UNDER THE SHADOW OF MAJESTIC TABLE MOUNTAIN: THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE VAN RIEBEECK FESTIVAL FAIR AT CAPE TOWN, THE LARGEST INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION EVER STAGED IN SOUTH AFRICA, WHICH OPENED ON MARCH 13.



DESIGNED BY SIR HUGH CASSON, THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN CHIEF ARCHITECT: THE MUCH-CRITICISED UNITED KINGDOM PAVILION AT THE VAN RIEBEECK FESTIVAL FAIR AT CAPE TOWN. IT CONTAINS TABLEAUX OF THE HISTORY OF DEMOCRACY.



"MUCH BINDING IN THE MARSH" AT CAPE TOWN: THE ENGLISH VILLAGE BUILT BY PRIVATE ENTERPRISE IN THE VAN RIEBEECK FESTIVAL FAIR.



THE MARKET-PLACE OF CULEMBORG, BIRTHPLACE OF VAN RIEBEECK, BUILT IN REPLICA AS A NOTABLE EXHIBIT IN THE FESTIVAL OF VAN RIEBEECK'S TERCENTENARY.



HOMAGE TO VAN RIEBEECK: A RECONSTRUCTION OF A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY DUTCH ROOM, WITH MODELS OF MEMBERS OF THE VAN RIEBEECK FAMILY, IN A FESTIVAL EXHIBIT.

SOUTH AFRICA'S BIGGEST INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION: THE OPENING OF THE VAN RIEBEECK TERCENTENARY FESTIVAL FAIR.

On March 13 Dr. E. G. Jansen, the Governor-General of South Africa, opened the Van Riebeeck Festival Fair at Cape Town. This exhibition, on which 500 exhibitors in all the many phases of South African industry, Government departments, provincial administrations and foreign countries have spent more than £1,000,000 in stands and pavilions, stands on 45 acres of reclaimed land on Cape Town's foreshore, and the majority of the industrial exhibits are housed in the spacious building of the new Cape Town Goods Station which has been completed but not yet used. The worth of the exhibits on view is estimated at

over £2,000,000, and of this £1,000,000's worth consists of a lavish display of diamonds by the diamond industry. The Fair commemorates the tercentenary of Jan van Riebeeck, the first European settler in the Cape. He was born in 1618 at Culemborg, in Holland, and a replica of the village is a prominent feature of the Exhibition. The U.K. pavilion has been much criticised, but British-born South Africans have built, without official support, "Much Binding in the Marsh," a replica of a thatched English village, with church-tower, maypole and inn—and a signpost indicating "London—6029½ miles."

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE UNHEATED GREENHOUSE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

FORTUNATE is the man who has an unheated greenhouse—fortunate, that is, if he happens to be the sort of gardener who

appreciates such a possession. A few years ago I gave myself an exceptionally nice greenhouse. In fact, it was just about the noblest present I ever gave myself. It was a span-roof Alpine house, roomy, well-built and well ventilated. But before I had got it fully populated with plants, my son began to infiltrate, with various special plants of his own. Specimen primulas, saxifrages and daphnes, and then batches of small, rare treasures in pots. In the end I found myself reduced to a foot or two of staging at the far end of my greenhouse. I gave up the unequal struggle. After all, growing Alpines is my son's livelihood—as it used to be mine.

Shortly after this, I pulled down an open shed and some loose-boxes, for which I had no use, and on the proceeds put up a good-sized lean-to greenhouse against what had been the back wall of the loose-boxes. It faces full south. Here I grow a strangely mixed assortment of plants. First, and foremost, it is my workshop, where I do much crossing and hybridising of plants, chiefly primulas, lewisias and saxifrages. Strange and unnatural unions are forced upon the poor, innocent plants, a few of which prove fruitful and produce worthwhile hybrids, but many, of course, end in nothing. It is all rather shocking; so much so, in fact, that friends have christened it The House of Sin.

But I put my unheated greenhouse to many other uses. Planted out in the bed at the foot of the back wall is a young strawberry grape-vine. My plan is to train it out on wires under the glass, where, in a year or two, I fully expect great quantities of the delicious little strawberry-flavoured reddish grapes. It is a rapid grower, and immensely prolific. Last summer I grew a dozen tomato-plants, six in big pots on the staging, and six planted out in the bed at the back. Folk tell me that it is cheaper to buy tomatoes than to grow them. Probably they are right. But I have no illusions as to which I prefer to eat, bought tomatoes, or tomatoes fully ripe, freshly gathered and full of sun warmth.

Some twenty or so years ago I was given a tiny pot specimen of *Rhododendron fragrantissima*. It

plant is leggy and straggling. For this reason I do not bring it into the house to enjoy its blossoming. Instead, I use it as a cut flower. I cut generous branches when in full blossom, and this acts as the severe pruning that the bush wants to keep it reasonably bushy. But I feel that I have grown *R. fragrantissima* long enough as a pot plant. This spring or early summer I shall plant it out in a good, peaty mixture in the back bed of my greenhouse. Here I

to a height of 5 or 6 ft., but failed to flower. This lovely pea, which, alas, is not hardy, brings to me memories of a plant I saw in the neighbourhood of Concepcion, when I was plant collecting in Chile. There I came upon a pea, clambering over bushes, which seemed to be an exact replica of *Lathyrus pubescens*, except that its flowers were soft, primrose

yellow. Greatly to my regret no seed of this lovely thing was available. But there doubtless it still grows, and seed should be abundant, if only one could get in touch with someone to collect and send it to England. I have since been told, on authority for which I have some respect, that *Lathyrus pubescens* is variable in colour, and that the plant which I saw was almost certainly a yellow form of the species.

In addition to a good many pots of bulbs in my unheated greenhouse—ixias, some of the greenhouse nerines, the elegant *Gladiolus tristis*, with pale-yellow, fragrant flowers, and the lovely *Milla biflora*—I have constructed a small bed on the staging in which to plant out certain things. It is a very simple affair, but full of promise—of interest, at any rate. I made it by placing big roofing slates on the staging, covering an area of only about 4 ft. square. The back and sides are enclosed by bricks stood on edge, and



JAPANESE KURUME AZALEAS IN THE OPEN GARDEN, WITH A BACKGROUND OF "CANDELABRA" PRIMULAS.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

think it will grow more vigorously and flower more freely than it ever would in a pot. On the other hand, it may take umbrage and die. You never know with plants. If it should die, I shall have to procure another specimen, but where from and from whom I haven't a clue. In addition to the fragrant rhododendron, I grow a few small Kurume azaleas in pots. They stand in a shady place in the open all summer, and come into the greenhouse in autumn, to flower in spring, when they make enchanting room plants and last well. A successful experiment with a flowering shrub as a room plant, has been a small specimen of *Osmanthus delavayi*. I have to-day brought it indoors from the cold greenhouse, a low-spreading bushlet, about 9 ins. high, a foot across, and thickly studded with tufts of its small, snow-white, daphne-like blossoms, which are very fragrant. The trouble with *Osmanthus* grown in the open is that it flowers so early that too often the blossoms get frosted and become a sad brown instead of white. I strongly recommend *Osmanthus* as a pot plant for the house. It can be pruned to any shape and size, is little trouble to cultivate, and is a change from the normal run of house plants. If you have no unheated greenhouse, you could safely house and winter it in a deep cold-frame.

So far the bed at the foot of the back wall of my cold house is only partially planted. In addition to the strawberry vine at the far end, there is a clump of Kaffir Lily, *Schizostylis* "Lady Byng." These were planted as an experiment, and are not a success. They became martyrs to green-fly and, rather surprisingly, they flowered very late. In fact, there are still, in mid-March, three or four spikes of blossom hanging on. I shall replant them—in the open air. In the same bed is a specimen of the Iris-like South African *Moraea spathacea*, and a clump of that seldom seen but attractive plant, *Dianella tasmanica*. This, from clumps of iris-like leaves, sends up 2-ft.

sprays of small white blossoms, which are of no account, but which are followed by large, drooping, polished berries of a very striking tone of violet or amethyst. The only other thing planted out in this bed is the lovely Chilean pea, *Lathyrus pubescens*, which has heads of delicate, lavender-blue flowers. It grew last summer



A TYPICAL KURUME AZALEA, GROWN IN A POT. IN THIS WAY, THESE AZALEAS "MAKE REALLY ENCHANTING ROOM PLANTS AND LAST WELL."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

the front is retained by a few small rocks, quite simply arranged. With a little rough rubble as a foundation, the space was filled with soil, slightly mounded. In this tiny garden I have planted some of my hybrid lewisias, three specimens of *Omphalodes lucilliae*, which flowered well last summer, and among which I see a useful crop of self-sown seedlings. A few *Milla biflora* bulbs were planted. They flowered well, but have not yet reappeared. But it is still early days for them to be sprouting. Above all, there is a trial batch of the blue "Chilean crocus," *Tecophilea cyanocrocus*. There are rather more than a dozen bulbs, and they are growing nicely. But somehow they do not look quite hearty and vigorous enough to flower—this year, at any rate. What a strange, elusive and usually difficult plant *Tecophilea* is. I have tried many methods of cultivation and have never really succeeded with it, though I have flowered it occasionally. Yet I have heard of a garden in Norfolk where it is grown—a whole solid border of it—in the open air. What a sight that must be. A long ribbon of purest gentian blue. It's odd how we fuss ourselves to succeed with rare plants which have no wish to satisfy our desires.

A border of *Gentiana acaulis* or *G. verna* is reasonably easy to achieve and is really more effective than the Chilean crocus. But I do hate being frustrated, year after year, by *Tecophilea*.



THE FLOWERING SPRAYS OF *OSMANTHUS DELAVAYI*. THIS FLOWERS EARLY AND IS "THICKLY STUDDED WITH TUFTS OF ITS SMALL, SNOW-WHITE, DAPHNE-LIKE BLOSSOMS, WHICH ARE VERY FRAGRANT." SMALL SPECIMENS MAKE VERY SUCCESSFUL ROOM PLANTS.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

now stands about 4 ft. high, and lives in a large pot in my new cold greenhouse. This beautiful hybrid rhododendron is not hardy, but so far has lived happily with me and flowered well under glass and without any heat. Its flowers, like very large, snow-white Indian azaleas, are intensely fragrant. But the habit of the

NEWS ITEMS FROM OVERSEAS: GERMANY; ITALY, FINLAND AND THE PACIFIC.



AN ABANDONED EXHIBITION IN ITALY WHICH IS NOW BEING REPLANNED: A VIEW OF THE UNCOMPLETED 1937 EXHIBITION SITE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ROME.
In 1937 Italy started a project which had a two-fold purpose. First a world exhibition in Rome; and secondly, the creation of a 1038-acre residential district on the banks of the Tiber, near the Basilica of St. Paul, on the outskirts of Rome. After World War II., which interrupted the construction programme, homeless Italians were billeted in the marble halls and an International Refugee Organisation camp was erected on the exhibition site. Now the original project is going ahead once more, but the date of the exhibition is not yet known. The residential district will eventually replace the exhibition.



BEING PREPARED FOR THE FORTHCOMING 1952 OLYMPIC GAMES: THE VAST STADIUM IN HELSINKI WHERE THE OUTDOOR EVENTS WILL TAKE PLACE.
The 1952 Olympic Games are to be held in Helsinki this summer, from July 19 until August 3. On February 3 the President of the Finnish Republic signed a decree exempting travellers with foreign passports from the obligation of having a visa of entry into and permission to stay in Finland during June, July and August this year. For competitors in the Olympic Games and officials the privilege is extended for six months from March 1.



ONCE AGAIN SUPPLYING WEST BERLINERS WITH BOTH LIGHT AND POWER: THE RECONSTRUCTED POWER PLANT AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.
The West Berlin power station, which was 60 per cent. dismantled by the Soviets at the end of World War II., is to-day again supplying West Berliners with light and power. Formerly they depended on East Berlin for their main supply, which was a serious handicap to economic recovery. The power station, the first section of which started operating in December 1949, was built against great odds. Progress was jeopardised first by the Berlin blockade; but Allied aircraft flew in building material; then by lack of funds, but here the Marshall Plan came to the rescue.



AN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY FOR ROME: A VIEW OF PART OF A COMPLETED TUNNEL. THE ROLLING STOCK IS NOT YET READY BUT IT IS HOPED THAT THE NEW RAILWAY WILL BE OPENED AT THE END OF NEXT YEAR. IT SHOULD DO MUCH TO EASE THE TRAFFIC PROBLEMS IN THE ITALIAN CAPITAL, WHICH HAVE BECOME ACUTE.



GIVING THE U.N. ELECTION COMMISSION A FREE HAND: HERR BLÜCHER (RIGHT) HANDING THE WEST GERMAN NOTE TO MR. C. ALBERTSON, CHAIRMAN OF THE U.N. COMMISSION.
On March 20 the West German Government gave a full guarantee to the United Nations Commission investigating whether free democratic all-German elections are possible. The Chairman of the Commission is Mr. Albertson, of Iceland, who can be seen above receiving the Government note from Herr Blücher, the West German Vice-Chancellor.



IN ERUPTION AFTER BEING DORMANT FOR NINETY YEARS: A SUBMARINE VOLCANO IN THE PACIFIC WHICH THREW UP A MASS OF ROCK, STEAM AND SULPHUROUS SMOKE.
A submarine volcano in the Pacific, some 315 miles north of Manila, which has been dormant for ninety years, erupted on March 19, throwing up a mass of rock 250 ft. above the surface of the ocean, and sending up a column of steam and sulphurous smoke two miles high.
(Photograph by radio.)



THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "PROSERPINA AND THE STRANGER": JUAN JOSÉ CASTRO (RIGHT), THE COMPOSER, AND HIS WIFE, WITH OMAR DEL CARLO.
"Proserpina and the Stranger," by the Argentine composer Juan José Castro, with a libretto by Omar del Carlo, had a mixed reception at the Scala, Milan, on March 17. The opera was chosen among 138 entries in an international competition organised to mark the 50th anniversary of Verdi's death.





THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



AUSTRALIA'S LIVING MUSEUM.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IN 1629 the Dutch vessel *Batavia*, under the command of Captain Pelsart, was wrecked on Abrolhos Island, off Western Australia. So, as Troughton recalls in "Furred Animals of Australia," the first news of a kangaroo reached Europe. Pelsart must have opened his eyes in surprise at this strange animal that bounded along on its hind-legs, carrying its young in its pouch. The novelty of it may be judged by his description: "We found in these islands large numbers of a species of cats, which are very strange creatures; they are about the size of a hare, their head resembling the head of a civet-cat; the fore-paws are very short, about the length of a finger, on which the animal has five small nails or fingers, resembling those of a monkey's fore-paw. Its two hind-legs, on the contrary, are upwards of half an ell in length, and it walks on these only, on the flat of the heavy part of the leg, so that it does not run fast. Its tail is very long, like that of a long-tailed monkey; if it eats, it sits on its hind-legs, and clutches its food with its fore-paws, just like a squirrel or monkey." To-day, even to those of us living on the other side of the world, who have seen the kangaroos only in zoos, they are sufficiently commonplace. It takes an effort to imagine what must have been the feelings of those who first saw these strange Australian mammals; but some measure of it can be gauged, however, by the fact that throughout his description Pelsart was obliged to recall well-known animals for purposes of comparison. What is more, our very familiarity with Australia's remarkable fauna tends to make us forget that it represents a precious relic surviving from a remote past.

Pelsart's description was overlooked for nearly two centuries, so that the wallaby he saw, the *Dama pademelon* or *Tammar*, was not given a scientific name until 1817, when it was named *Thylogale eugenii* by Desmarest, a French naturalist. In the meantime, other of the Australian marsupials were being made known. Another Dutchman, Samuel Volckersen, published an account in 1658 of a second wallaby. Again it was French naturalists, Quoy and Gaimard, who gave us the first scientific description of this, the short-tailed wallaby (*Setonix brachyurus*). In 1688 William Dampier, having visited Western Australia, gave us an account of a grey-furred animal with dark bands across the back and the base of the tail, the banded hare-wallaby, which he likened to a raccoon. Finally, in 1770, Captain Cook's ship, the *Endeavour*, was beached on the east coast of Australia, and the richness of the native fauna received its first adequate documentation. Cook describes his first kangaroo: "... of a light mouse colour and the full size of a Grey Hound—I should have taken it for a wild dog, but for its walking or running, in which it jumped like a Hare or Deer. ..." And later he recorded: "Besides the Animals, which I have before mentioned, called by the natives Kangaroo, or Kanguru, here are wolves, Possums, an animal like a rat, and snakes. ..." In 1791 the first live kangaroo was sent to England, a present from the Governor to King George III. In 1797 the first platypus was seen, and in 1798 the first koala. From then on, more and more discoveries showed the full extent and variety of the Australian fauna.

Although those who found the platypus—or duckbill, watermole or duckmole, as it has been variously

named—had noted that it had "instead of the mouth of an animal, the upper and lower mandibles of a duck," those who examined the first skin received in England, in 1799, had their doubts. This is largely explained by the fact that the ship carrying it came by way of "the Indian seas" and that the Chinese had already earned a reputation for manufacturing fictitious animals, such as mermaids, to sell to European travellers. One result of this is that in the original platypus skin can be seen the



"INSTEAD OF THE MOUTH OF AN ANIMAL, THE UPPER AND LOWER MANDIBLES OF A DUCK": THE FIRST PLATYPUS SKIN TO REACH ENGLAND, IN 1799, IN ITS SEALED GLASS-TOPPED BOX, NOW IN THE COLLECTIONS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY).

marks where someone tried to prise off the duck-bill with the points of scissors. But while this extraordinary structure passed the rigorous test applied, it was some eighty years before the egg-laying character of the platypus was accepted. After much controversy and despite an account published in Australia of the actual laying of two eggs by a captive animal, it was not until Caldwell made a special journey to

is exclusively Australian, the spiny anteater is common to the two regions. They have been described as survivals from the dawn of mammals. In their skeletons are seen features belonging more properly to reptiles. Like the reptiles, they lay eggs: like the mammals proper, they suckle their young (once they are hatched), which no reptile does. They are the sole survivors, one species of platypus and three species of spiny anteater, of a group of early mammals that must once have had a wide distribution throughout the world. The distinctive character of the Australian fauna is best seen, however, in the rest of its mammals,

the marsupials, which show an advance on the Monotremes in that they no longer lay eggs, yet, unlike the mammals familiar to us from other continents, the young are born at a very early stage of development and are nursed in the maternal pouch until fully able to look after themselves.

How the Australian fauna became separated off from that of the rest of the world will probably never be satisfactorily settled. Whether they reached their present home across a land-bridge from south-east Asia; or whether they were isolated by the drifting of continents; or whether there was a land-bridge across Antarctica with America, the home of a few other surviving marsupials, are questions which admit of no ready resolution. And while these are the main questions, there are also subsidiary questions for which there are equally no immediate answers. It is easy to see how the dugongs and seals, which are included in Australia's 400 species of mammals, found their way to their present homes. The same holds true for the bats, which differ in no important respect from those found in other parts of the world. The native rodents, eighty or so species of rats and mice, were there before the arrival of the white man, who has since been responsible for the introduction of the black and brown rats and the house mouse. They

comprise two sub-families, the water-rats of primitive structure, and the land-rats that do not differ greatly from those found elsewhere. It is presumed that they reached Australia after its separation from Asia by riding floating logs. Finally, there is the problem of the dingoes, the "wolves" described by Captain Cook, which were presumably brought from the north by the aborigines.

The greatest zoological interest

resides, however, in the way in which the marsupials have occupied every type of habitat, and in doing so have developed along lines which parallel those followed by the placental mammals elsewhere in the world. There is, for example, the thylacine, or marsupial wolf, which not only looks like a dog, but has a skull and teeth resembling, at least superficially, those of the true dog. The phalangers recall the lemurs, the dasyures look like cats, the rabbit-eared bandicoot, the rat-kangaroo, and many others, all have their counterparts in habitat, habit and, to some extent, structure, among the placental mammals.

Yet all are marsupials. The peak in this adaptive radiation, as it is called, is reached in the marsupial mole, which not only has the habits and peculiarities of the true moles, such as the loss of the eye and the digging front feet, but if a marsupial mole and a European mole were put side by side, the casual observer would never suspect that in development and genealogy they belong to fundamentally different groups.



FOR COMPARISON: (LEFT) THE FRONT VIEW OF A THYLACINE'S SKULL, SHOWING THE FOUR INCISORS ON EACH SIDE OF THE UPPER AND LOWER JAWS, TYPICAL OF MARSUPIALS, AND (RIGHT) THE FRONT VIEW OF A WOLF'S SKULL, SHOWING THE THREE INCISORS ON EACH SIDE OF THE UPPER AND LOWER JAWS, TYPICAL OF PLACENTAL MAMMALS.

Photographs by Neave Parker, reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

Australia to study the animal on the spot that the matter was finally set at rest.

These brief notes, based on Troughton's account, show that the history of the discovery of the Australian fauna is full of interest. The earlier history is, however, even more so. Australia shares with New Guinea the unique possession of the Monotremes, the earliest living mammals, and while the platypus

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PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



SEÑOR FRANCISCO A. DE ICAZA. Presented his credentials to the Queen as Mexican Ambassador to the Court of St. James's on March 11. Born in 1905, he entered the Mexican Foreign Service in 1925 and served in a number of countries between 1929 and 1947, when he was appointed Minister to the Lebanon. From 1949 to 1952 he was Minister to Belgium and Luxembourg.



SIR GEORGE PAGET THOMSON. To succeed Sir Will Spens as Master of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, when the latter retires on August 1. Sir George Paget Thomson, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1937, is the son of the late Sir J. J. Thomson, O.M., F.R.S., who was Master and Professor of Physics at Trinity College, Cambridge, until his death in 1940.



LIEUT.-GEN SIR RICHARD GALE. To be General Officer C.-in-C. Southern Command, with effect from August, 1952, in succession to General Sir Ouvry Roberts. Lieut.-General Gale, who will then be fifty-six, has been Director-General of Military Training at the War Office since January, 1949. In World War II, he raised, trained and commanded the 1st Parachute Brigade.



MAJOR-GEN. BRIAN KIMMINS. As Director T.A. and Cadets, War Office, Major-General Kimmins is responsible for the Home Guard. Commissioned in the R.A. 1917, he served in both World Wars. Commander 44 Infantry Div. T.A. and Home Counties district 1950, since Sept. 1951 he has been a temporary member British Military Delegation, European Army Conferences, Paris.



MR. BRIAN W. M. YOUNG. Appointed to succeed Mr. George Turner, who is retiring, as headmaster of Charterhouse in September. Mr. Young, who is thirty, has been an assistant classics master at Eton since 1947. He had never taught before he joined the staff at Eton five years ago. He is the elder son of Sir Mark Young, Governor of Hong Kong from 1941-47.



MR. NORMAN A. ROBERTSON. Appointed High Commissioner for Canada, in London, with effect from June 1, Mr. N. A. Robertson reassumes the post he gave up in 1949 to become Clerk of the Privy Council and Secretary to the Cabinet in Canada. Recently he has served as Canadian representative on the N.A.T.O. Council of Deputies. He was born in 1904.



DISTINGUISHED BROTHERS: ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE CREASY, C.-IN-C. HOME FLEET (LEFT); AND H.E. THE GOVERNOR OF MALTA, SIR GERALD CREASY.

Admiral Sir George Creasy, C.-in-C. Home Fleet, who was one of the senior observers at sea during the naval exercise "Grand Slam," in which ships from the navies of Great Britain, France, the U.S.A. and Italy took part, later visited Malta. His younger brother, Sir Gerald Creasy, is Governor of the Island.



DR. BASIL S. BATTY. Died on March 19, aged seventy-eight. The first Bishop of Fulham who, in that capacity for some twenty years, was responsible for 261 Anglican chaplaincies in Europe. Before World War II, he frequently travelled 26,000 miles a year in visiting his diocese. He retired in 1946 and then acted as an assistant to the Bishop of London.



DR. KWAME NKUMAH. Leader of the Convention People's Party, Dr. Nkrumah was elected on March 21 by the Gold Coast Legislative Assembly as the Colony's first African Prime Minister. When the 1951 elections took place he was serving a two-years sentence for sedition, but was released as an "act of grace" when his party was returned.



AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL BREADNER. Commander of the Royal Canadian Air Force abroad from 1943 until the end of hostilities, Air Chief-Marshal Lloyd S. Breadner's death in Boston, Mass., was announced on March 17. He was born in 1894, educated in Ottawa and served in the First World War. He was Chief of the Canadian Air Staff, 1940-43. He retired in 1945.



MR. LINCOLN MACVEAGH. Newly appointed U.S. Ambassador to Spain, Mr. MacVeagh was expected to present his letters of credence to General Franco on March 27. Born in 1890, he was formerly U.S. Ambassador to Portugal, and before that Ambassador to Yugoslavia and to Greece. He served with distinction in World War I., and is a publisher and author.



FORCED BY THE RESULT OF THE MINNESOTA PRIMARY POLL "TO RE-EXAMINE HIS PERSONAL POSITION AND PAST DECISIONS": GENERAL EISENHOWER.

General Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, achieved such remarkable successes in the New Hampshire and Minnesota primaries that he said on March 20: "The mounting numbers of my fellow-citizens who are voting to make me Republican nominee are forcing me to re-examine my personal position."



INVESTING THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE WITH THE INSIGNIA OF COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN: LORD WAKEHURST, LORD PRIOR OF THE ORDER.

Lord Wakehurst, Lord Prior of the Order of St. John, held an investiture at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, on March 20, when 130 recipients were presented with their insignia. Among them were Lady Lowson, former Lady Mayoress of London; and the Earl of Albemarle, who received the Insignia of Commander of the Order.



MASTER OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD, FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: THE LATE LORD LINDSAY OF BIRKER.

Died on March 18, aged seventy-two. He was Master of Balliol College, Oxford, from 1924 until 1949; and had been Principal of the University College of North Staffordshire since 1949. While Master of Balliol he became Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University from 1935-38. Educated at Glasgow University and at University College Oxford, he was appointed Fellow and Classical Tutor at Balliol in 1906 and Jowett Lecturer in Philosophy at the same college in 1911. After serving in World War I., he was appointed in 1922 Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow University.



BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST CHINESE WOMAN TO BE A BRITISH PEERESS: THE NEW LADY LINDSAY, WITH HER HUSBAND AND THEIR THREE CHILDREN.

The new Lord Lindsay of Birker, who has succeeded his father, who died on March 18, has a Chinese wife, Hsiao Li, daughter of Colonel Li Wen Che, of the Chinese Army, whom he married in 1941, when he was a lecturer at Yenching University, Peking. The new Lord and Lady Lindsay are at present living in Australia with their three children.

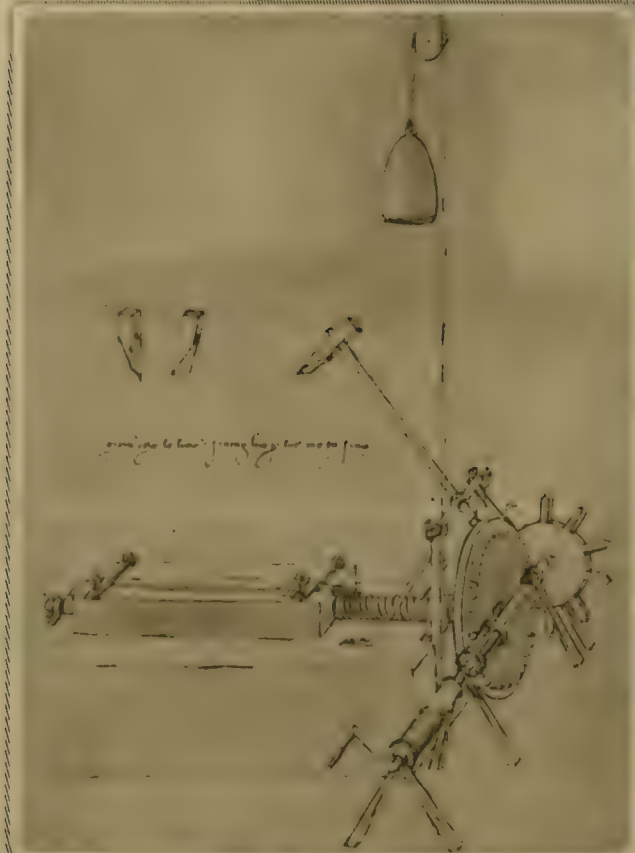
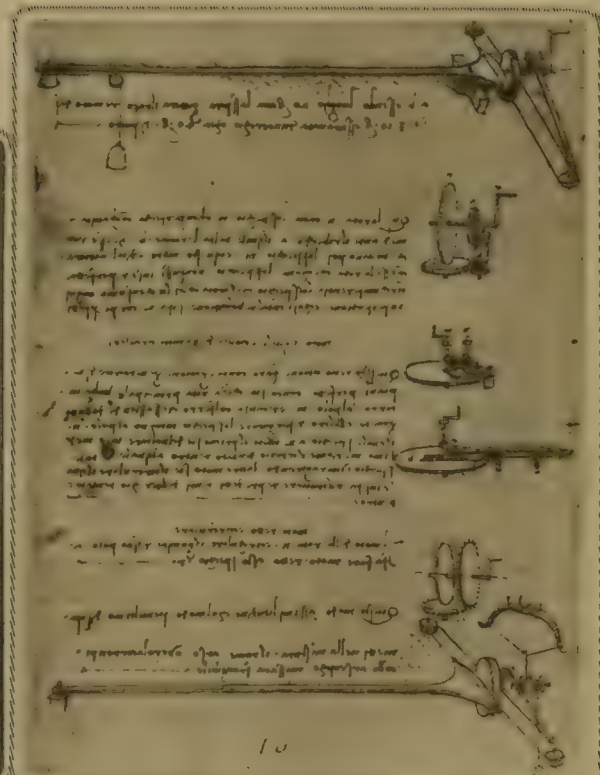
ON VIEW IN THE QUINCENTENARY EXHIBITION: MACHINES DEvised BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

LEONARDO DA VINCI (1452-1519) was "the only man who has attained the first eminence in science and art alike." In our issue of March 1 we reproduced photographs of models of his inventions, made from his drawings, for an American museum. On these pages we give photographs of Leonardo designs for machines and inventions, and working models made from these, on view in the da Vinci Quincentenary Exhibition in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy. They have been lent by the Science Museum

[Continued right, centre.



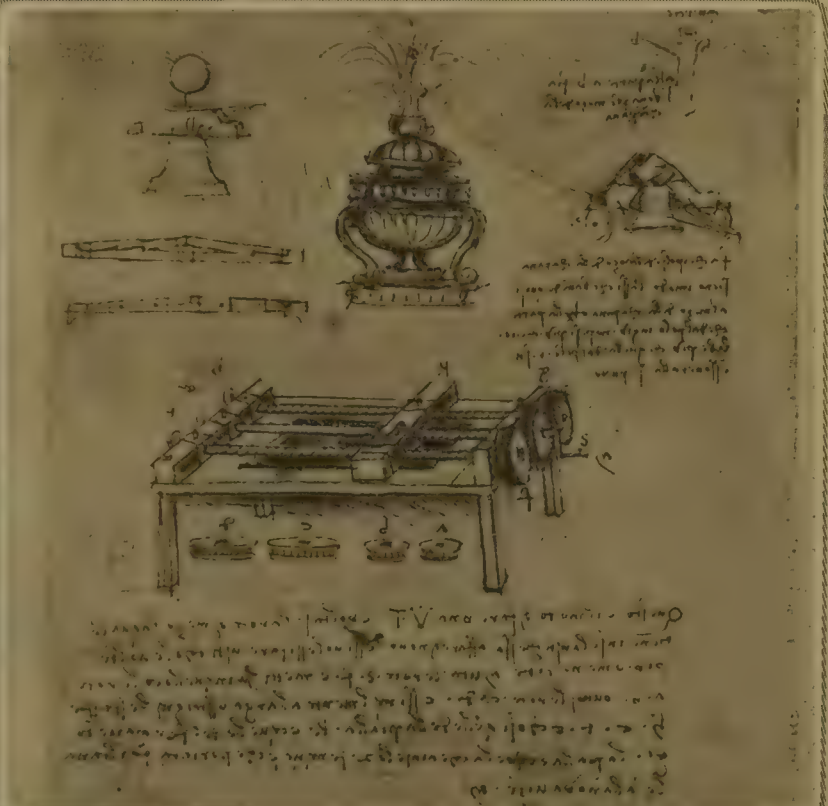
A MACHINE FOR GRINDING CONCAVE MIRRORS, ONE OF A GROUP OF DEVICES FOR WORKING OPTICAL SURFACES: THE MODEL (L.), MADE SPECIALLY FOR THE EXHIBITION; AND THE DRAWING (SECOND DESIGN FROM TOP) BY LEONARDO



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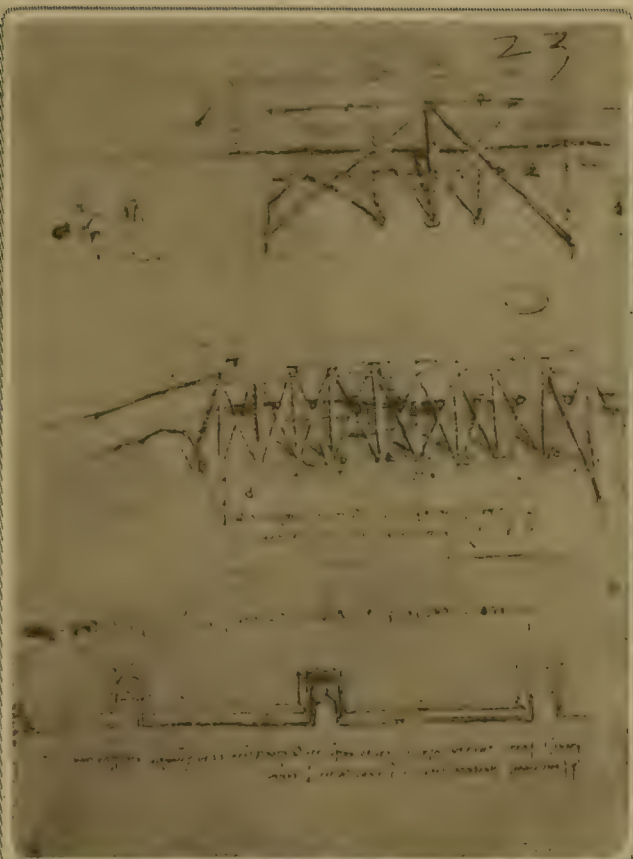
and have, for the most part, been specially constructed for the exhibition. The major number of the drawings in this particular section are shown in facsimile, as most originals are in Milan and Paris. The machine for grinding concave mirrors is one of a group of devices for working optical surfaces. Leonardo wrote: "This motion is of the kind that, if the wheel hollowing out the mirror should not form in itself a perfect circumference, the mirror, which is ground with it, removes every imperfection in it so that two perfect bodies result by such rotation. . . ." Apart from Leonardo's design, the earliest designs for file-cutting machines appeared in the seventeenth century. Two hammer-heads with inclined chisel edges are shown by Leonardo for making double-cut files. In making this model the design has been followed, except that the gear-ratios have been altered. A screw-cutting machine of such advanced design as Leonardo's was not seen again until the eighteenth century. The bell on the right is mounted on roller bearings. The design for a bridge is interesting, as the use of an articulated truss enables a bridge to escape from the limitation in length to that of the available timber. It is the earliest known illustration of such a bridge. The bottom drawing on this sheet shows a series of forts connected by a subterranean conduit through which news can be signalled. The drawing at the top of the page showing the helicopter is a tank of which Leonardo wrote: "These take the place of the elephants. One may tilt with them. One may hold bellows in them to spread terror among the horses of the enemy, and may put carabineers in them to break up every company."

FILE-CUTTING MACHINE: THE MODEL (R.); AND THE DESIGN BY LEONARDO DA VINCI. THIS AUTOMATIC MACHINE WAS INTENDED TO BE DRIVEN BY THE FALL OF A WEIGHT.

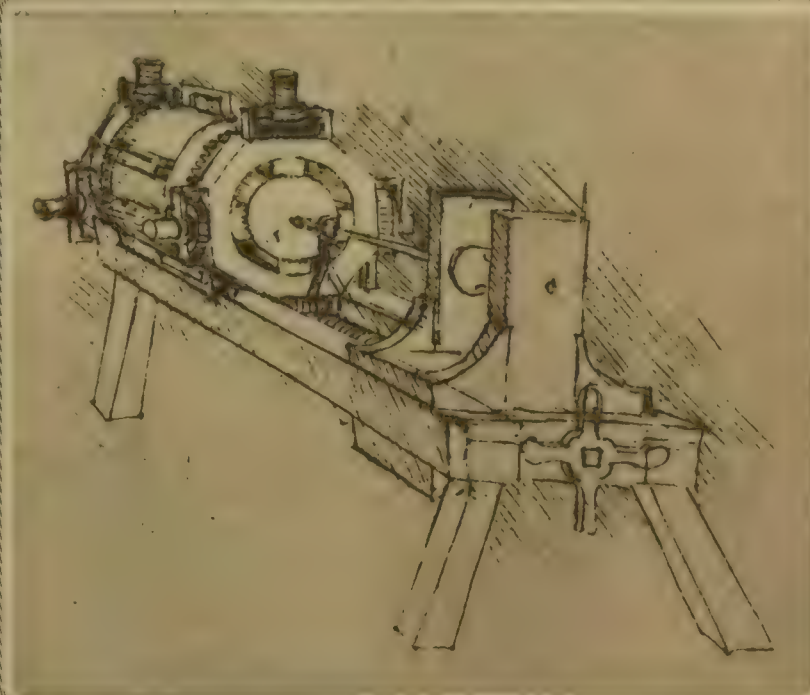


SCREW-CUTTING MACHINE: THE MODEL (L.); AND THE DESIGN BY LEONARDO. ON TURNING THE HANDLE, THE SCREW-BLANK ROTATES AND AT THE SAME TIME, BY MEANS OF THE GEARING AND THE LEAD-SCREWS ON EACH SIDE, THE CUTTER ADVANCES ALONG THE BLANK, SO CUTTING A THREAD.

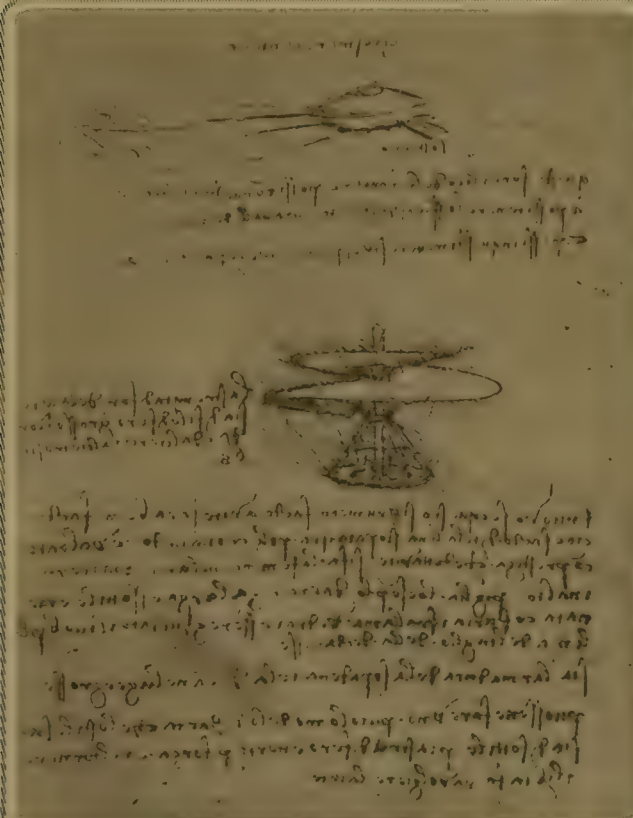
LEONARDO DESIGNS FOR HIS OWN INVENTIONS: AND MODERN WORKING MODELS OF THEM.



N-TYPE GIRDER BRIDGE: THE MODEL (R.); AND THE DESIGN (SECOND FROM TOP) BY LEONARDO. THIS IS THE EARLIEST KNOWN ILLUSTRATION OF A BRIDGE OF THIS CONSTRUCTION. IT IS ALSO ORIGINAL IN HAVING TWO ROADWAYS.



BORING MACHINE: THE MODEL (L.); AND THE DESIGN BY LEONARDO. THE INTERESTING FEATURE OF THIS MACHINE FOR BORING-OUT LOGS FOR WATER-PIPES IS THE USE OF TWO CONNECTED SELF-CENTRING CHUCKS FOR RAPIDLY FIXING THE LOG IN POSITION. THE UNIVERSAL CHUCK CAME INTO USE IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.



THE FIRST HELICOPTER: THE MODEL (R.); AND THE DRAWING BY LEONARDO, IN WHICH THE HELICOPTER APPEARS IN PRINCIPLE FOR THE FIRST TIME. IF RAPIDLY ROTATED, SUCH A DEVICE WILL RISE INTO THE AIR. LEONARDO HAD NO MEANS OF SUPPLYING ENOUGH POWER TO A HELIX OF THE PROPOSED RADIUS, 8 BRACCIA (14 FT.).

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. GUESSING THE DATE AS A PARLOUR GAME.

By FRANK DAVIS.

of a salt in the shape of a bath-tub for a doll does not seem quite in keeping with the spirit of the age. If it is early, then the initials have been put on later. NO, I'll put this aside and have another think.

The piece marked A would be my next choice—I would say somewhere in the 1730's—the lion's mask and feet seem to point to this, but I am doubtful about the chased floral design. That seems to me very decidedly neither George II. nor even eighteenth-century at all. Now, when and where did somebody think of this design?—it is agreeable enough, but it is not "classic"—why, it is almost *l'art nouveau* of

seem to me to be what a man of the 1790's would design. On the whole, I feel inclined to bet on a decade or so after 1800. I have still D unplaced in this game, and, on second thoughts, I am more and more convinced that it does not belong to the eighteenth century at all, but to the reign of George IV. The shape—I don't know why exactly—speaks of the early nineteenth century and, if the initials were engraved when it was made—and I have no reason to suppose they were not—that clinches the matter. Say, 1820 or thereabouts.

To sum up, here are my guesses, the earliest date first. About 1690—C, the circular trencher salt. About 1710—E, the octagonal trencher. The 1780's—B, the boat-shape with the curved handles. About 1800—F, the pierced salt with the blue liner. About 1810—the apparently early Georgian piece with the lion masks, A. 1820, D, the doll's bath. Not without some trepidation, I now look at the actual dates. (Perhaps I should add, for the benefit of some readers, that all silver, old or new, must be marked with Hall-mark, date-letter and maker's mark: the latter is not always present, the other two must be, though they are sometimes much rubbed.) C, by William Bainbridge, London, 1695; E, by Isaac Liger, London, 1714; B, by Hester Bateman, London, 1787; F, Edinburgh, 1806; A, by S. C. Younge and Co., Sheffield, 1816; D, London, 1808. On the whole not, I submit, bad shots, though I ought to have deduced a provincial origin from the style of A, the apparently early Georgian salt—and so ought you. Anyway, the wheel-stall is off, which is a relief, for these foolish vows are tempting fate too severely.

But there's more in all this than a modest elementary exercise in *expertise*: as one goes on, the mind wanders and one realises that Macaulay's New Zealander gazing at the ruins of St. Paul's, and by chance unearthing from the desolation all around him these six salt-cellars, sole survivors of a cataclysm, could deduce from their varying styles not merely the alterations imposed by fashion upon the minor arts, but could build upon those deductions a convincing picture of the outward



WHEN I look into shop-windows or wander round a museum, the first thoughts that come into my head are liable to be covetous—that is, if the things I see before me appear either desirable, useful or even tolerable—and I imagine most people are equally sinful. I guess also that they share with me the



FIG. 1. DECORATED WITH LION MASKS AND CHASED FLORAL MOTIFS; DESIGNED IN A FORM "TRANSLATED" FROM THE GREEK; AND IN CIRCULAR TRENCHER SHAPE: A GROUP OF ENGLISH SILVER SALT-CELLARS OF VARYING DATE.

Frank Davis invites his readers to play a guessing game over the dates of the six salt-cellars illustrated on this page before reading the descriptions of them. This group consists of (l. to r.) [A]—by S. C. Younge and Co., Sheffield, 1816; [B]—by Hester Bateman, London, 1787; and [C]—by William Bainbridge, London, 1695.

exasperating experience of discovering that, amid a dozen or fifty articles, the one I want is invariably at least ten times the price of anything else, so that instead of a Mæcenas strolling magnificently around, I find myself in the rôle of a humble private in the vast army of window-gazers, pen clamped in pocket and cheque-book unopened.

However, there are compensations even for those who are less than the dust beneath the chariot-wheel of inflation, and one of them is to indulge in the most innocent of parlour games, and, if one cannot own half the things one wants to own, at least one can exercise one's critical faculties and try to place what one sees in its correct order of interest and of date. It is a mild sort of game, but it can be illuminating, especially if you don't cheat. And it has this additional virtue, that even if you do, you hurt nothing but your own self-esteem. I suggest you look at these six salt-cellars—shown in two groups of three: A, B and C in Fig. 1, and D, E and F in Fig. 2—and, without first reading the descriptions, try to place them in their right order and give each one its approximate date. I have their dates in an envelope which I shan't open till I have probably given myself away. Like you, I propose to make up my mind now and put down whatever occurs to me as I go along, and then I shall check up the answers. Here, goes.

I think that of these six C is probably the earliest, and I shall be thoroughly ashamed of myself if it turns out to be later than the year 1700. These little circular salts, with their double band of gadrooning and the stamped pattern just above the base, speak the language of the late seventeenth century, a transition period between the flamboyance of the period of Charles II. and James II. and the quieter mode which came in with Queen Anne. If I am fairly sure about this, I am quite certain of E, the octagonal trencher-shaped piece, which can hardly have been made later than, say, 1720. I am frankly puzzled about D, which is plain enough, and which, if it were not for the initials on it, which seem to me to be quite late in character—indeed, about a century later—I might be tempted to place it at about this period. On the other hand, I cannot recall anything like it from the early part of the eighteenth century: somehow, the notion

about 1900!—but not beyond the ingenuity of some maker of the Regency. On the whole, I should say somewhere not long after 1800—anyhow, I will risk it. With the boat-shaped salt B I feel on safe ground: if this, with its slender, graceful handles, so agreeably echoing the curves of the body, does not belong to the 1780's, I shall be tempted to write no more, but go and keep a wheel-stall, if that useful profession nowadays does not entail filling innumerable forms, passing diploma examinations and bullying the Board of Trade into disgorging a licence. The style, which is



FIG. 2. SHAPED LIKE A BATH-TUB FOR A DOLL; IN OCTAGONAL TRENCHER FORM; AND PIERCED, WITH A BLUE GLASS LINER: A GROUP OF THREE SALT-CELLARS OF CONTRASTING DESIGN AND DIFFERENT DATES.

The salt-cellars in this group (l. to r.) are [D]—London, 1808; [E]—by Isaac Liger, London, 1714; and [F]—Edinburgh, 1806. Frank Davis in the article on this page discusses how their different forms reflect the spirit of the ages in which they were made.

Photographs by Courtesy of S. J. Phillips.

unmistakable in its translation of ancient Greek forms into a late eighteenth-century idiom, is, I think, rather under-estimated by the pundits who are inclined to reserve their admiration for designs of either more originality or those derived from sixteenth-century models. This small object for the table has its counterpart on a grander scale in innumerable houses by Robert Adam and is an epitome of the ideals of a whole generation.

I am left with F, with its pierced sides through which gleams the blue of the glass liner. This I would guess as before the end of the eighteenth century, were it not for the ingenious curve of the upper edge and, more noticeably, the curious feet, which do not

aspect of more than a century of our civilisation, so inextricably bound up are small objects of this kind with the prevailing modes of architecture, furniture and the thousand-and-one things which go to its making. His picture would no doubt lack detail, but it would show the essentials, for every craftsman, however humble, and working on however small a scale, cannot but reflect the spirit of his age. In that sense, to own, say, a salt-cellar in the style of Robert Adam is to own a great Adam mansion, with all the appurtenances thereof, but without the burdensome expense of its upkeep. In short, with a little imagination one can live in a very princely manner indeed.

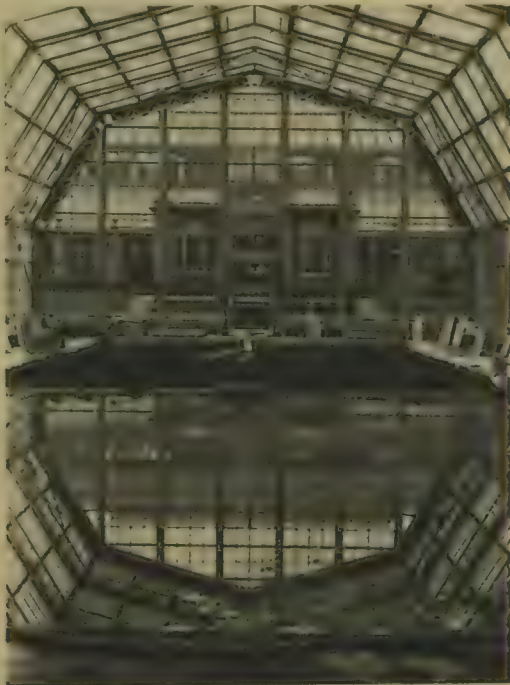
ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, AND MINERAL: A NEWS MISCELLANY RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA.



DEVELOPED AFTER FIVE YEARS OF RESEARCH: AN ELECTRIC WRIST WATCH MADE BY THE LIP WATCH COMPANY OF BESANCON, FRANCE. France and the United States are first in the field with electric wrist watches. One being exhibited in Chicago was made by the Elgin National Watch Company and contains a battery only half-an-inch long. The French model differs in many respects. The firms exchanged information, but did their research separately.

(RIGHT.) TO BE FELLED AND RE-PLANTED: PETERSHAM AVENUE, ONE OF THREE AVENUES OF TREES IN THE GROUNDS OF HAM HOUSE, RICHMOND.

The Richmond Borough Council decided by a large majority on March 18 to clear-fell 220 trees in the avenues leading to Ham House, Richmond. Most of the trees are wych-elm, about a quarter of which are diseased and dangerous. About seventy-five trees will be left, mostly in Melancholy Walk. Residents strongly opposed the Council's first proposal to fell all the trees, but after further consultations with forestry experts, it was learned that the disease was so widespread that all the trees would have to be felled within a few years.



NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC: THE AUSTRALIAN HOUSE AT KEW, AN INTERIOR VIEW.

The Australian House at Kew Gardens, the construction of which began in the autumn of 1950, was opened to the public for the first time on March 15. While it was being prepared for the plants it now holds, it became necessary, at one stage, to flood the subsoil of the centre bed to ensure saturation. The above photograph, showing the reflected interior, was taken at this time. The new house has been stocked with plants raised from the remarkable collection of seeds of over 600 species collected in Australia by Captain N. McEacharn during the war. The new house, which is about 93 ft. long, 52 ft. across, and 30 ft. high, was designed by Mr. F. L. Rothwell.

PREPARING THE AUSTRALIAN HOUSE: FLOODING THE SUBSOIL OF THE CENTRE BED TO ENSURE SATURATION.



BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST OF ITS KIND HATCHED IN ENGLAND: A GREAT BRAHMAEA MOTH, WHICH HAS A WING-SPAN OF 5 INS. The Great Brahmaea moth photographed here with three-year-old Jennifer Rivers to give some indication of the size of its brown and yellow patterned wings, was hatched in Dartford, Kent, recently.



TOURING SWITZERLAND, WHERE IT IS BEING EXHIBITED FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES: THE LARGEST WHALE EVER CAUGHT IN NORWEGIAN WATERS. The largest whale ever caught in Norwegian waters was cleaned and embalmed and is now touring Switzerland for educational purposes. The whale, which weighs over 50 tons, and is over 80 ft. long, is travelling on a specially constructed trailer. The whale was caught last year at Cape Haroy, Norway, and has been named Mrs. Haroy. Our photograph was taken as it passed by.



THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE VOLENDAM: A VIEW OF THE OLD TRANSATLANTIC LINER LEAVING ROTTERDAM TO BE BROKEN UP AT A SHIPYARD NEAR DORDRECHT ON MARCH 17. The thirty-year-old Transatlantic liner Volendam, of the Holland-America Line, 15,434 tons, left Rotterdam on March 17 for the village of Hendrik-ido-Ambacht, near Dordrecht, where she will be broken up. Our photograph shows the vessel passing a railway suspension bridge over the River Nieuwe Maas on her last voyage.



FLOWN TO BRITAIN AS A MASCOT FOR THE 410 (COUGAR) FIGHTER SQUADRON, R.C.A.F., STATIONED IN RUTLAND: A THREE-MONTH-OLD COUGAR. This three-month-old cougar, or puma, has been presented to the 410 (Cougar) Fighter Squadron, R.C.A.F., now in Britain, by the City of Vancouver. The Squadron's badge has the head of a cougar as its centrepiece.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

FEMININE GENDER.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"NOTHING but splendour and feminine gender!" is a Late Joys chorus. It has been much in my mind during a period in which the Ladies of the Theatre have gone from that marmoreal matron, Volumnia, at one end of the scale, to that oddest of Ambassadors, Mrs. Sally Adams, at the other.

In reading the text of "Coriolanus," Volumnia, rather than her son, seems to dominate. True, her



"A WELL-CONTRIVED EMOTIONAL DRAMA BY TERENCE RATTIGAN": "THE DEEP BLUE SEA" AT THE DUCHESS THEATRE, SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH FREDDIE PAGE (KENNETH MORE) IS READING THE LETTER FROM HESTER COLLYER (PEGGY ASHCROFT), WHEN THE DOOR OPENS AND SHE COMES INTO THE ROOM. ON THE LEFT IS JACKIE JACKSON (RAYMOND FRANCIS).

part is very much shorter than his. She has only two or three scenes of consequence, but one is the superb passage of supplication that burns from the page. Volumnia is Eternal Rome: a great acting chance that, so I hazard, has seldom been taken as it should. We think in history of Sarah Siddons, Geneviève Ward, and—in our own day—of Sybil Thorndike. I can remember, too, some oddly coy bazaar-opening Volumnias who could not begin to project the terrifying woman—a mother who numbers her son's wounds, and who almost licks her lips over such a phrase as: "I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place." None can doubt the nobility and anger of the appeal to Coriolanus. Yet it is hard not to think of Volumnia as the grandmother who nods approval when she hears how young Marcius mammoicked the gilded butterfly ("he did so set his teeth and tear it").

We want a Sarah Siddons in the part. Julian Charles Young once described how, in the ovation to the victor of Corioli in John Kemble's revival, Mrs. Siddons walked as one of the central figures in a procession of 240 persons. "She was Volumnia," wrote Young, "the proud mother of a proud son and a conquering hero. . . . With flashing eye and proudest smile, and head erect, and hands pressed firmly on her bosom as if to repress by manual force its triumphant swellings, she towered above all around, and rolled and almost reeled across the stage; her very soul as it were dilating and rioting in its exaltation; until her action lost all grace and yet became so true to nature, so picturesque and descriptive that pit and gallery sprang to their feet electrified by the transcendent execution of an original conception."

I would like to see pit and gallery on their feet to-day to cheer a Volumnia. In execution the part has often less splendour than feminine gender. We come from the average production—and, I suppose, reasonably—remembering son above mother: it should be, after all, his play. In recent years there has been one astonishing Coriolanus, Laurence Olivier's (Old Vic, 1938), a performance like a pillar of fire on a plinth of marble. He had then in Sybil Thorndike a fitting mother, Rome personified.

It has taken some time to get to the current revival at Stratford-upon-Avon, first play in a Festival that lasts until November.

We all recognise the Stratford renaissance. But I have in honesty to say that this "Coriolanus" rests for me below the revivals by Bridges-Adams in 1933 and Iden Payne in 1939. It is not the fault of the producer, Glen Byam Shaw. He has handled the text with intelligence and clarity; the crowd scenes are craftily organised; the tragedy rolls steadily across the stage. It is a coherent "Coriolanus" but not, for me, a very exciting one. Here I must dissent from several colleagues who do not find this tragedy—with what Masefield calls "the clash of the aristocratic temper with the world"—exciting as a play. Many of its lines are ever in the mind. I think of "There is a world elsewhere," "And scarr'd the moon with splinters"; the famous "He does sit in gold, his eye red as 'twould burn Rome"; the salute to Valeria ("Chaste as the icicle that's curdled by the frost from purest snow and hangs on Dian's temple"); Coriolanus's "Like a great sea-mark standing every flaw": the list runs on and on. And the play has a rising surge-and-swell of passion.

Stratford now misses the excitement: the trouble is in the general quality of the playing rather than the play. There are good things. Anthony Quayle strikes boldly at Coriolanus: his performance is strongly conceived and expressed. Michael Hordern is, of course, a rich, relishing Menenius. Raymond Westwell can pick out Cominius. But I am surprised that so few scenes and speeches linger; that my memories of "Coriolanus" remain in the past, and that certain phrases, long-cherished, went by at Stratford almost before I was aware. It is a sturdy revival: do not doubt that. But in considering it, some of us may remember excitements in an older Stratford: a superb production by Bridges-Adams in 1933, and performances on various occasions by such players

as Alec Clunes (Coriolanus), Stanley Lathbury, John Laurie (Sicinius) and John Wyse, that should not be allowed to fade for ever. I have not mentioned Volumnia. It is long since Stratford has had a triumph here. Mary Ellis, in the new revival, is an actress capable of intense pathos; but she has not the Olympian quality: she does not cast thunderbolts. In the supplication scene Anthony Quayle had to fight almost alone, and gallantly he did it. It is no discredit to Miss Ellis to say that she is not yet a Volumnia. Few players are; and I wish that this endearing actress had another chance during the Festival of showing what she can do in Shakespeare.

There is no one less like the thunder-burst of Volumnia than Terence Rattigan's Hester Collyer in "The Deep Blue Sea" (Duchess). Peggy Ashcroft, at the première, was able to move a hardened audience to tears. Some present, I swear, could have said with Coriolanus: "It is no little thing to make mine



"NONE CAN CUT A DASH IN RESTORATION COMEDY AS HE CAN": ALEC CLUNES AS SIR HARRY WILDAIR IN FARQUHAR'S "THE CONSTANT COUPLE" (WINTER GARDEN), WITH MAXINE AUDLEY AS LUREWELL. THE LATTER CHARACTER IS DESCRIBED AS "A LADY OF A JILTING TEMPER PROCEEDING FROM A RESENTMENT OF HER WRONGS FROM MEN."

eyes to sweat compassion." Peggy Ashcroft never forces. A dimming of the eye, a barely perceptible catch in the voice, and an audience is at her feet. No one can so move with sorrow-in-stillness. In this play, truthfully-wrought if not in the first order of emotional dramas, she is a woman who cannot find the love she needs so desperately, and who has sought the remedy of despair. Besides Miss Ashcroft, there are studies by Roland Culver (a voice from the Bench) and Kenneth More (from one kind of bar) that do all justice to Rattigan's text.

The "splendour and feminine gender" of Mrs. Sally Adams in "Call Me Madam" are stridently presented. Billie Worth, as the American Ambassador to Lichtenburg, may be an acquired taste: her performance at the Coliseum grows on one during a bit of nonsensical diplomacy that owes everything to its Irving Berlin score and lyrics. Anton Walbrook stands by in amazement.

Earlier in this article I remembered Alec Clunes's Coriolanus. London sees this actor now as Sir Harry Wildair in Farquhar's "The Constant Couple," a part that once, and surprisingly, was Peg Woffington's. Alec Clunes removes all offence from the text by the gaiety and freedom of his attack, his burgundy-exhilarated flourish through Mall and Covent Garden. None can cut a dash in Restoration comedy as he can, and the Winter Garden night is his, though his cast (notably its "splendour and feminine gender") is loyally behind him. I don't know what Volumnia would have made of it all. The Roman matron would have been a frightening guest at Lady Lurewell's.



"AN AMERICAN MUSICAL PLAY, STRIDENT AND CHEERFUL, THAT DEPENDS UPON ITS IRVING BERLIN SCORE": "CALL ME MADAM" AT THE COLISEUM—A SCENE FROM ACT I. IN WHICH MRS. SALLY ADAMS (BILLIE WORTH) TRIES TO PIN A MEDAL ON TO THE BARE CHEST OF LICHTENBURG'S STRONG MAN (VINCENT CHARLES). ON THE EXTREME RIGHT IS COSMO CONSTANTINE (ANTON WALBROOK).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

VARIETY (Palladium).—A clutch of vigorous comedians. (March 3.)
 "A MIRROR FOR WITCHES" (Covent Garden).—Andrée Howard's intense ballet (New England, seventeenth century), with music by Denis Ap'vor. (March 4.)
 "THE DEEP BLUE SEA" (Duchess).—Peggy Ashcroft takes all hearts (game and rubber) in a well-contrived emotional drama by Terence Rattigan. (March 6.)
 "EXCITEMENT" (Casino).—Not much of it; the usual glossy revue. (March 8.)
 R.A.D.A. MATINEE (Globe).—Remember the name of Rosemary Harris, this year's Bancroft Gold Medallist, and deservedly. (March 11.)
 "SONG OF THE CENTIPEDE" (O).—Peter Jones knows more about dialogue than plot, but it is likeable nonsense. (March 11.)
 "CORIOLANUS" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—A carefully planned revival without the final glow of excitement. (March 13.)
 "THE CONSTANT COUPLE" (Winter Garden).—Alec Clunes restores Sir Harry Wildair to the theatre in a performance of the briskest invention. (March 14.)
 "CALL ME MADAM" (Coliseum).—An American musical play, strident and cheerful, that depends upon its Irving Berlin score. (March 15.)
 FESTIVAL BALLET (Stoll).—Toumanova adorns the new season. (March 18.)
 "THE SAME SKY" (Duke of York's).—Yvonne Mitchell's touching East End play reaches the West End. (March 18.)



THE LAST FORMATION FLIGHT OF HURRICANES TO FLY OVER GREAT BRITAIN: AIRCRAFT WHICH SAVED US FROM INVASION RE-ENACT THEIR EXPLOITS FOR THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN FILM, "ANGELS ONE FIVE."

Hurricanes in formation were a familiar sight over Southern England in 1940, when the famous "Few" won the Battle of Britain. They are seen no more, and our photograph—taken by Robert Hawkins for the Battle of Britain film, "Angels One Five" (Empire, Leicester Square)—shows the last formation of *Hurricanes* to fly over this country. Ten thousand once flew with the R.A.F.; now there are only two airworthy machines of this type in the country. The leading one, piloted by Flight Lieut. J. R. Irwin-Mann, D.S.O., D.F.C., a Battle

of Britain pilot, is the *Hurricane* which leads the Battle of Britain annual fly-past over London. The second is the last of the many—the last *Hurricane* produced—and is owned by the manufacturers, the Hawker-Siddeley group. The remaining machines belong to the Portuguese Air Force, and were camouflaged and painted in R.A.F. colours before being flown by Portuguese Air Force pilots (through the co-operation of the Portuguese Government) for the film, which has been produced by John W. Gossage and Derek Twist, who both held wartime R.A.F. commissions.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT may be philistine to like or dislike novels in advance, merely for what they are "about," but human nature can't shake it off. Thus "novels of the soil" are classed together; I have heard it said that they are all dull. To me it seems that the connecting foible is an aura of righteousness; they tend to breathe, and to inspire, the sense of virtue which attaches to a cold bath.

To that extent "The Fields at Evening," by Ethel Mannin (Jarrolds; 2s. 6d.), may be described as orthodox; it takes the proper line that citizens are scum, and that except in farming there is no salvation. And it was *meant* to be a novel of the soil. John Rivers has a thriving milkshop; but in 1880 he returns to the land, dragging his urban wife along with him. After nine girls, they have a son. And Albert loves the farm; Dad is in everything his model, but the martyred Agnes won't let him be. She is determined not to be a yokel's mother. And she wins the first round, nagging him up to London and gentility. But it is all in vain; John Rivers dies, Albert inherits the Old Place—and back he goes, dragging his urban wife along with him. Another generation, and another war. This time there are three children; the younger son is rackets and drifting and machine-minded, but Joss and Evie have the right ideas. And in the end old John's dislike of chemicals and cult of "muck" has reached a higher level as "organic farming" and distaste for the plough.

Yet it is really not that kind of book. Genuine farming novels are an inside job; they have a kind of guileless and devoted bleakness, and they stick to their last. That is what makes them boring or attractive, as you chance to look at it. Here we are not inside at all. The land provides a setting and a text, but in its heart—and mostly on the surface, too—"The Fields at Evening" is a family chronicle. And its most human characters are the townies—Agnes and her successor Florrie, and Jack's unprincipled, good-natured wife. Sometimes one may suspect they are the author's favourites, and clearly she feels most at home with them. No doubt as women to begin with, but perhaps, in part, because they neither think nor dig. All the domestic incidents and conflicts have a hold on life, and make a good, warm chunk of reading-matter; but intellectually the novel has more airs than graces. I am not quarrelling with its agriculture; that may be sound enough, though rather dubiously argued. It is quite true that "no one ploughs the forests, yet they flourish exceedingly." But no one disc-harrows them either, that I ever heard of: which is what Joss is doing, by way of a "return to nature."

"A Brighter Sun," by Samuel Selvon (Wingate; 11s. 6d.), is on a smaller scale, and wholly unpretending, but a real novelty. And something better than a novelty, for it is full of grace. Of course, the theme goes a long way. This is an inside job; the author comes from Trinidad, he is of Indian stock, and he is writing of his own people.

Tiger, the country boy, has just been married. The year is 1939, but in Chaguanas Tiger's wedding was its big event. He had no part in the affair; he doesn't know the girl; but he is now a man, facing an independent future. Which, at sixteen, is rather shattering. "What I must do?" he asks a village elder—who can see no problem. "You gettam house which side Barataria, gettam land, cow—well, you go live dat side. Haveam plenty boy chile—girl chile no good, only bring trouble on yuh head. You live dat side, plantam garden, live good."

And so he goes to Barataria and plants his garden. This is a wider world; it is near Port of Spain, and is becoming crowded since the war began. Indians, Negroes and Chinese live cheek by jowl, though their pursuits are different, and to some extent they keep to themselves. But Tiger doesn't see the point of that. The family next door are "creoles"—but they understand life, and are a very present help in crisis. Only, how strange that Joe has no ambition! Tiger is eaten up with it; he longs to read, to get experience, to range the whole world, to plumb the meaning of existence—and, of course, to be a "big man." His mind is in a chaos of conflicting day-dreams. So when the garden-plots are requisitioned for a new road, Tiger exults, and takes a job with the Americans; for they have more to teach.

All this is rather hard upon Urmilla. But he must grow up; and then he will be ripe for marriage. It is a candid, humorous and touching story, with an exotic background, and an idiom which greatly heightens the charm.

"Little Men, Big World," by W. R. Burnett (Macdonald; 9s. 6d.), returns us to the Mid-West and the racketeers. Rumours are stirring in the underworld; there is perhaps a change in the control, perhaps a threat from the Big City. . . . It is not Reisman's job, for he is now a "columnist," and he has ulcers, at that. But he has still a nose; and though the new Commissioner is honest, he is far from quick. Left to himself, he will be foxed completely. In these days racketeering has improved in tone; the gangs don't shoot, the bosses are above suspicion. They may quite well be "civic leaders," pillars of society. Who, for example, is the Mover, who commands in chief? And who, or, rather, what, is "Arky," with his rustic air and pleasant, unassuming ways? Not, one would think, a criminal, far less a power. And yet the tough guys are afraid to speak of him. . . .

This story is less taut, less like a film prefabricated, than "The Asphalt Jungle." But it is still uncommonly effective on the same lines.

"Mrs. McGinty's Dead," by Agatha Christie (Collins; 9s. 6d.), presents a hopeless task. For there is nothing left to say. Here, once again, is the detective novel, as it should be written; others are only trying for it. Poirot is back again and undiminished, though "a very old man." At first the set-up looks a trifle bleak. A village char has been robbed and murdered, seemingly by her unattractive lodger. He is found guilty and condemned to death. And yet the Superintendent has a qualm—for he is not the type. If only Poirot would look into it. . . .

What seems to stick one on the threshold is the want of motive; if it was not done for her cache of savings, why on earth was it done? To this there is a beautiful reply. The fog seems crystal-clear as always; and the pseudo-killer is a good joke.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FOR THE TRAVELLER.

MR. ADOLF MORATH, the author of "Portrait of Ireland" (Parrish; 30s.), is not an Irishman, nor did he, as he himself says, come to Ireland "by commercial design or by a signed commission." An impulse drove him across to John Bull's other island, and, as with so many non-Irish, immediately he got there he fell under its spell. The result was that he travelled throughout the island with his camera, taking some of the finest pictures of landscapes, buildings and human types I have seen. I have only one quarrel to make with this brilliant photographer, and that is there is not sufficient of Georgian Ireland in his portfolio. One—perhaps the only—result of the act of Union which was not disastrous to Ireland was the fact that at the end of a great century of building the impoverished island was not rich enough to indulge in the architectural horrors of Victorian industrial revolution England. The result is that Dublin, and many of the other towns and even villages of Ireland, contain some of the finest Georgian architecture in the world. Indeed, if you want to know what eighteenth-century England must have looked like before the "dark satanic mills" put money into the pockets of the mill-owners of the north, you must take the night boat or the Aer Lingus 'plane. I think the last word on Mr. Morath's photography was Bernard Shaw's. He was so impressed by it that he sent a post-card which read: "Give Morath my address and send me his. We must get into direct communication. I will give him a sitting. He is first-rate. I have never seen better photographs. G.B.S." For the ordinary reader there will be nothing but wonder at such skill, while for the photographer, professional or amateur, who wishes to follow in his footsteps, Mr. Morath attaches technical data as to speeds, times and stops which will provide the raw materials of emulation without, I fear, the hope of rivalry.

At the moment of writing this I am trying to achieve the feat of simultaneously packing and doing the other thousand-and-one things which are necessary before one can take even a Butlerian spring skiing holiday in Switzerland. Normally, I try not to read or think about the Alps in between such holidays, and during the war used to avert my gaze from any Alpine scene on which it happened to light. However, in the knowledge that within forty-eight hours (all being well) I shall be in the Alps, I can approach Dr. G. R. de Beer's "Speaking of Switzerland" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 21s.), in the new Alpine Library, without unnecessary pain. I am glad, however, that I am, as I say, just off to Switzerland, because this is one of the best books I have read on that country of which Mark Twain wrote "O Switzerland! The further it recedes into the enriching haze of time, the more intolerably delicious the charm of it and the cheer of it and the glory and majesty and solemnity and pathos of it grow. . . . There are mountains and mountains and mountains in this world, but only these take you by the heart-strings. I wonder what the secret of it is. Well, time and again it has seemed to me that I must drop everything and flee to Switzerland once more. It is a longing, a deep, strong, tugging longing—that is the word. We must go again, Joe." This quotation is, incidentally, the opening passage of this remarkable, delightfully written book. It is a little difficult to place. It is not a travel book. It is not an anthology. It is a curious and delicious *fondue* into which there melt chapters on Alpine analogies and mountain metaphors, with quotations from the major worshippers of the Alps, "oromancy"—from Virgil's *cris de cœur* in the Eclogues to seventh-century Chinese poems, and the most modern enthusiasms of Mr. Arnold Lunn. The Alps and their art, the Alps and their airs, some of the major disasters which have taken place on their slopes, and a delightful chapter on exorcism used from the Middle Ages to keep the glaciers at their distance, constitute the other ingredients. Both Catholics and Protestants used exorcism up to the eighteenth century, but it was a point of etiquette that no Roman Catholic should exorcise a Protestant glacier, and *vice versa*. Only one attempt to break this rule, as far as is known, was made, and that was at Grindelwald in 1777, when efforts were made to enlist the services of a monk of Sarnen. However, it never came to anything and, in any case, as far as I know, both the Grindelwald glaciers have since been receding without the intervention of dignitaries of any Church. The book is illustrated by those charming water-colour drawings which make such pleasant table-mats.

Perhaps it is because I am such a lover of the Bernese Oberland that I feel I must recommend so strongly "Rambles in the Alps," by Hugh Merrick (Country Life; 30s.), for the majority of the pictures, and also the bulk of the text, deal with a part of Switzerland which I personally know so well, and which I maintain to be the most picturesque of all that Alpine world. Curiously enough, I have never been in Switzerland except in the winter or spring, and so many photographs (taken by internal evidence some years ago) show mountains in a garb which I know not of and grass slopes and paths which in winter could not be traversed except on ski. The book, as one would imagine coming from such a source, is excellently printed, and the photographs as fine as those in a companion volume,

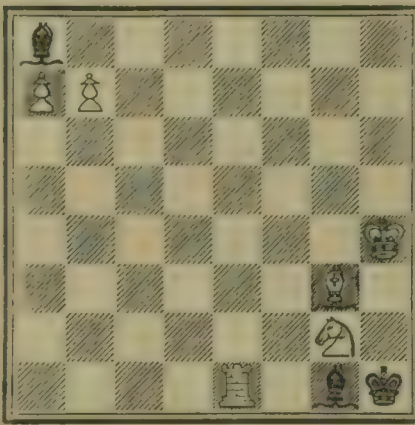
"The Magic of the Dolomites," by W. A. Foucher (Country Life; 35s.). I must here plead what the theologians call "invincible ignorance," for the Dolomites have so far been outside my ken. Climbing friends, however, speak of them with enthusiasm, and having studied these photographs, I can well understand why others who go there merely to scramble or bask or enjoy the scenery feel so warmly enthusiastic. A lovely book which makes me feel ashamed of this gap in my knowledge of the Alps.

Anything less like the romantic-Rousseau-esque view of the wild Alps than the cultivated decorous County of Oxfordshire it would be difficult to imagine. The peaceful charm of this most civilised of counties is admirably evoked in the latest of the "County Books" series; "Oxfordshire," by Joanna Cannan (Hale; 18s.). You do not have to be a loyal and ardent old Oxonian to be delighted by this pleasing book, where history and archaeology, landscape and architecture are so happily blended and so admirably illustrated. A worthy addition to a most notable series.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.



White (playing up the board) to play, and mate on his third move against any defence.

CHESS is so queer in its antiquity, its immobility, its quite world-wide appeal that there might conceivably be, or have been, strange, warped mentality types of ways to win. Certainly Lancelot Hogben, in the chapter on possibilities of chess he has added to his hitherto so lucid "Mathematics for the Million," has managed to make chess look a most frightening game.

But no weird winning theory has ever been invented. Advances in technique there have been, of course, but the factors earning victory at chess have a humdrum similarity to those which bring victory in any other contest, whether in the narrow sense of sport or the wider one of business, war, politics and the rest.

Very important is the will to win. I have seen players with superior intrinsic skill, superior experience, even superior physique, succumb to opponents less gifted in almost every respect except the will to win. Determination decides many games.

Now, Akiba Rubinstein was determined. He set himself the task of grinding away at the study of chess for six hours a day for some twenty years—and he stuck to it. By this means he worked himself into the world championship class—and into semi-imbecility. I said "even physique" just now, because determination just burns itself out if the physical equipment is inadequate.

Capablanca was world champion when Rubinstein only might have been. What was the key to his still greater fame? Simply inborn ability. Just as Don Bradman was born with exceptional eyesight and muscular co-ordination, so Jose Raoul Capablanca was born with greater insight. That, in spite of his god-sent gifts, he wore the world crown for only six years was due to his lack of another essential: self-discipline.

So inborn ability—will-power—iron discipline, are the short paths to fame. You knew it already? There are longer paths—the "capacity for taking infinite pains," for instance—but they can only be followed in more scholarly fields, where the man-to-man fight is less primitive.

The composer of this week's problem, though a mediocre over-the-board player, earned himself immortality by the problems he composed in the quiet of his home. Sam Loyd was his name, America his nation, and his compositions are a never-failing source of delight. Incredible as it may seem, the only move which solves the problem is the fantastic pawn takes bishop promoting to a knight, and if you devote half-an-hour to verifying that no other move will do, every minute will have been well spent.

"The Magic of the Dolomites," by W. A. Foucher (Country Life; 35s.). I must here plead what the theologians call "invincible ignorance," for the Dolomites have so far been outside my ken. Climbing friends, however, speak of them with enthusiasm, and having studied these photographs, I can well understand why others who go there merely to scramble or bask or enjoy the scenery feel so warmly enthusiastic. A lovely book which makes me feel ashamed of this gap in my knowledge of the Alps.

Anything less like the romantic-Rousseau-esque view of the wild Alps than the cultivated decorous County of Oxfordshire it would be difficult to imagine. The peaceful charm of this most civilised of counties is admirably evoked in the latest of the "County Books" series; "Oxfordshire," by Joanna Cannan (Hale; 18s.). You do not have to be a loyal and ardent old Oxonian to be delighted by this pleasing book, where history and archaeology, landscape and architecture are so happily blended and so admirably illustrated. A worthy addition to a most notable series.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

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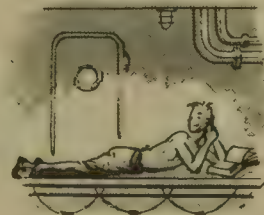
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The other day a tall and well-built man strode briskly in and announced that, while he personally didn't believe a word of it, he had been told he could carry out the whole of his annual shopping expedition at a place called Austin Reed of Regent Street.

We made appropriately modest noises.

"Well, here I am," he said. "What are you going to do about it?"

We began by taking him to the second floor where we astonished and delighted him with our very wide selection of suits. But he remarked sadly that he had never yet been able to find a ready-made suit tall and broad enough to fit him.



He tried one on just to show us what he meant. After examining the effect carefully he told us to wrap up his old suit, since he intended to walk away in the new one. He was also much impressed by the Elliptical Room, where in three weeks a man can have a suit made to measure from one of the many lengths of fine cloth lining the walls.

On the first floor we left him inspecting several thousand Summit shirts, and returned to find him happily dealing himself a full house—three of the gay sporting variety, and a pair of very versatile cream ones, with separate collars. He told us with great enthusiasm that these gave a choice of two sleeve lengths, and at last he would possess some shirts that fitted equally well at wrist

and collar. He also demanded to be shown what else we could do.

So we escorted him to the Tudor Room on the fourth floor, where he was able to survey at a glance several



hundred slipovers, pullovers and cardigans... but at this moment he happened to glance at his watch.

"Great Scot!" he cried, "Look at the time! I promised to meet my wife at four o'clock, and I haven't had a haircut yet. Where's the nearest Barber's Shop?"

We took him to the lower ground floor in a little over 90 seconds. He later emerged beaming, and admitted that he had never enjoyed better service in his life, but now he really must rush off and book seats for a show.

Without a word we piloted him across a few yards of carpet to our Theatre Kiosk...



As we said goodbye, we invited him to call again next time he was in London, so that we might show him the Louis Room, the Tropical Department, the Ballroom Corner, the Shoe Shop, the Luggage Department... but at this point a taxi arrived. He climbed into it with the happy smile of a man who has just made a Very Important Discovery.

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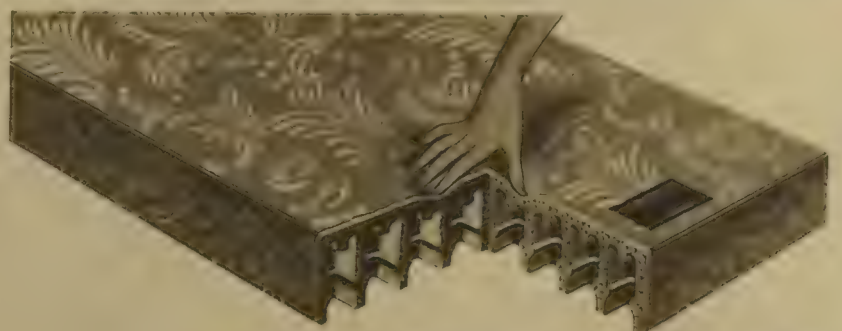
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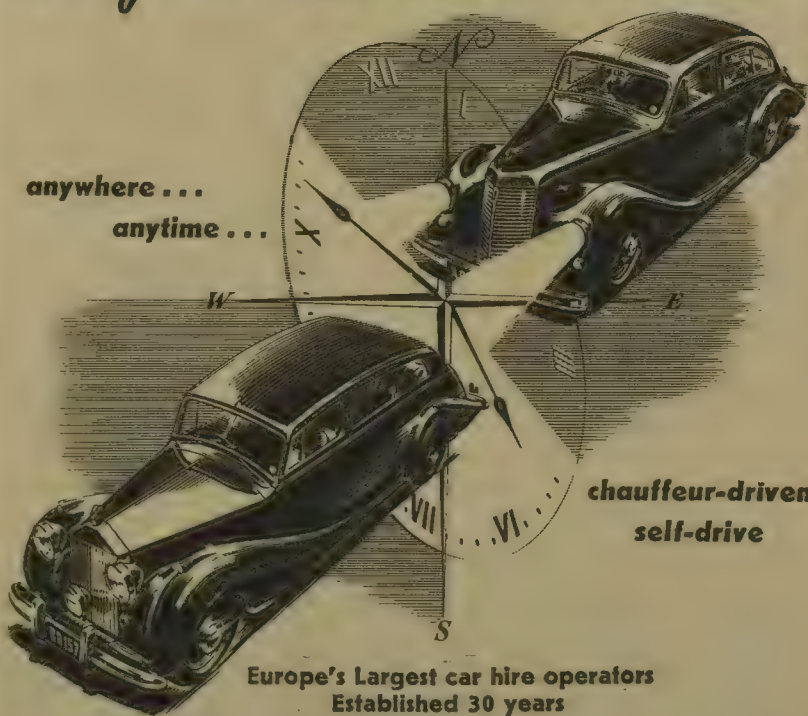
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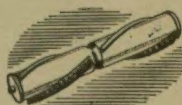
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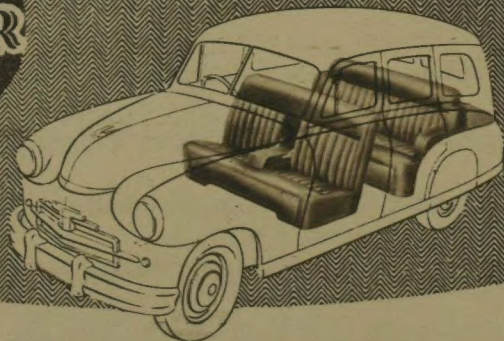
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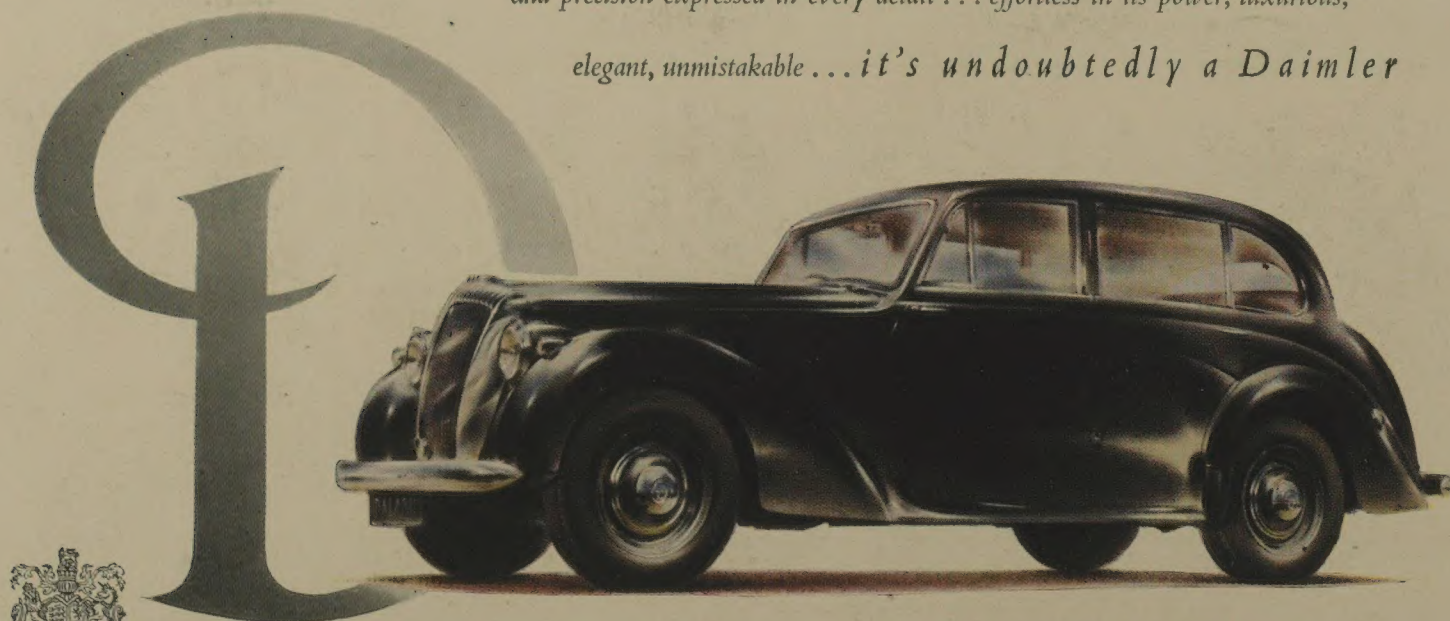
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